

LIFE



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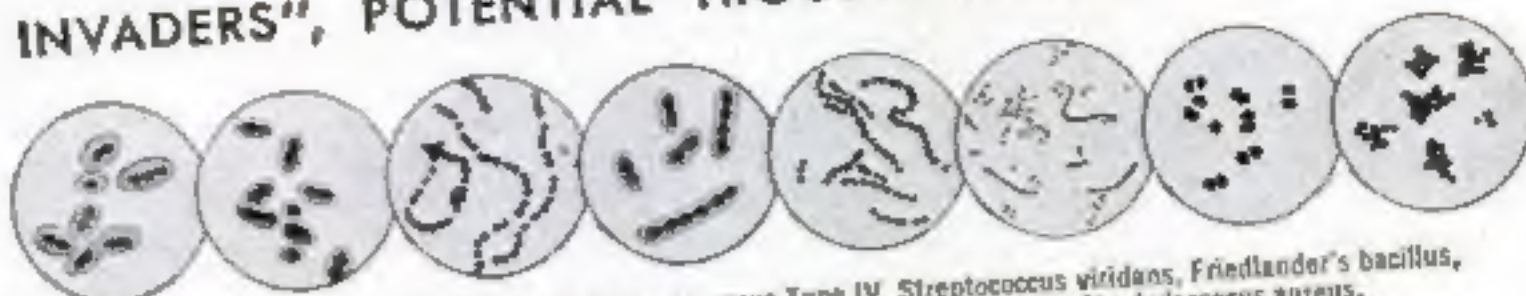
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This One



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

PAEAN

Sirs:
Thank you and thank you and thank you for this glorious number of LIFE (Dec. 8) I just received.

The serial of H.R.H. recalled my own charming memories of the Edwardian era. The story of the Palomar eye gratified my interest in sky and stars.

But glory be: those three breathtaking photos of a white ibis in flight on page 20 were really an illustration of one of my beloved quotations:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

ALBERT CONTI

Hollywood, Calif.

DUKE OF WINDSOR

Sirs:
I wish to heartily congratulate the editors of LIFE for their splendid presentation of the first of a series of articles on his boyhood by the Duke of Windsor (Dec. 8). The duke's article certainly makes absorbing and delightful reading, and the photographs add the perfect finishing touch. . . .

EBEN W. LOTHROP

Chestertown, Md.

Sirs:
"A Royal Boyhood" is the most significant autobiography in the history of mankind. . . .

CINO J. SIMI

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
In my opinion Edward, Duke of Windsor, is one of the finest gentlemen and one of the greatest men in the world today.

If he has any fault it is that he is too honest and upright for his own good. That was shown in his speech renouncing his position as Edward VIII, which I consider as great as or greater than Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. . . .

ROSS MULLIN

Vincennes, Ind.

Sirs:
... My favorite royal personality next to Tennyson's King Arthur.

DOROTHY GRANGER

Shrewsbury, Mass.

Sirs:
I, for one, am tired of sittin'
Down to LIFE in royal Britain!

K. R. FOOTE

Salt Lake City, Utah

LONGHAIR

Sirs:
Your article on François, the French pianist (LIFE, Dec. 8), was interesting, but why all the fuss? M. François is no more singular a young man than the youthful faddist who chooses the current hirsute extremity, the crew cut. My husband, a Hollywood barber for 15 years, despairingly assures me that many a male head, apparently well-groomed, often features a pompadour whose forelocks equal or exceed in length those worn by M. François. Not the most popular style, by any means, it nevertheless has been fancied by such diverse personalities as the movie star, grocery clerk, halfback and student. The usual procedure is to request "just a trim around the neck, please, and outline the ears"—a method whereby eventually an amazing crop of hair—unless betrayed by a gusty windstorm (and abetted by a generous smearing of pomade)—can be made to appear comparatively neat and inconspicuous.

One customer, a prim banker, wears a sort of upsweep from one ear that achieves a sur-

prising length; another, a young high-school senior, boasts three deep, pushed-in waves in his hair that, unswirled, just manage to exceed 15 inches in length!

No, M. François's whim is not an exclusively alien and artistic one, nor is he the only Samson who could stand the shears of some Delilah.

MRS. I. J. SEWELL

Los Angeles, Calif.

CHINA AND U.S.

Sirs:
An item in your editorial, "China and United States Politics" (LIFE, Dec. 8), exceedingly distresses me because, in the light of all experience produced to date, it is so manifestly untrue. It is your statement, "The recent Communist offensives were mounted with guns made in Siberia and shipped into Red China via Port Arthur and Dairen."

For 20 years statements of this sort have been made and since V-J Day in increasing numbers. You must be well aware that every instance when investigated has proved to be not in accordance with the facts. Therefore the ordinary journalist who makes such a statement must be considered, to say the least, reckless if he fails to give his sources of information.

Therefore either you have credible evidence for such a statement or you have not. If you have such evidence, in all fairness to you I feel an opportunity should be given you to produce it.

J. SPENCER KENNARD JR.

New York, N.Y.

● LIFE's source was Congressman Walter H. Judd, Minnesota, for many years a medical missionary in China and just back from a world tour and extensive study of China's problems on the spot. Judd says that the Russians, before surrendering Manchuria, not to the Central government as per treaty but to armed Communist bands, moved out the Japanese munitions factories to Siberia. There, he says, they continue to manufacture Japanese-marked guns and cartridges, ship them surreptitiously by caravan into North China through Dairen and Port Arthur. As a result new Japanese shell cases are continually being captured or found in the military skirmishes. This permits maintenance of the fiction that the Chinese Communists are using only ammunition "captured from the Japanese," when in fact it is coming direct from Russia—at Moscow's direction.—ED.

BIG JIM AGAIN AND AGAIN

Sirs:
When I read all the rotten criticism that the newspapers and people are making about "Big Jim" Folsom, governor of my native state (LIFE's Reports, Dec. 8), it burns me up.

What the hell is wrong with kissing girls? Men like to kiss women. Any man who can be lucky enough to kiss so many girls as Big Jim did can consider himself very fortunate. I would give anything if I could have the chance to kiss half as many girls as he has.

Go to it, Jim. Don't let these old 1898 fogies tell you what you can do. The old hens are just jealous because you won't kiss them. I still say you are the damn best governor Alabama ever had. Keep up the kissing and the glamour. It lets everyone know that we Alabamians are men and no poodlewoodies.

J. E. MCCORMACK

Reading, Pa.

DD

Sirs:
I should like to add a new teen-age saying to those mentioned in Letters to the Editors (LIFE, Dec. 8). As a response to "Drop dead," we say, "What? And look like you?"

DAN M. BOWERS

Johnstown, Pa.

D.A.R.

Sirs:
The Junior Group, Oklahoma City Chapter, D.A.R. (Letters to the Editors, Dec. 8) probably does not know that in 1928 the D.A.R. issued a blacklist branding many distinguished Americans as unfit to address American audiences, including Senator George W. Norris, Carrie Chapman Catt, William Allen White, Dorothy Parker, Senator Smith W. Brookhart, Senator W. E. Borah, Dudley Field Malone, Jane Addams and others, and also blacklisted the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., Smith College, Berkeley Divinity School, Bryn Mawr, Yale, Harvard, University of Chicago liberal clubs and the Boston School of Social Sciences.

William Allen White said, "If the Rebels of '76 had been the same kind of people their timid daughters are, the D.A.R.s would be the daughters of American Tories."

L. K. CRAMB

Fairbury, Neb.

AUTOMOBILE DESIGN

Sirs:
In your article, "Automobile Design" (LIFE, Dec. 8), you state, "U.S. design is conservative, solid, sensible . . . sticks to practicality." It would be difficult to imagine anything more impractical than the bulbous, overflowing design of the latest American cars. Should one misjudge his distance (so easy to do, even for a good driver), the result will now entail a major body operation, instead of merely ironing out a fender, as in the good old days gone by.

ROBERT B. GEGEN

Miami, Fla.

Sirs:
Have you no esthetic sense? Upon the counsel of what artists and designers did you conclude that automobile design in Europe is more "exciting," "beautiful" and "original" than our own?

Don't you know that the excessive use of S curves impairs rather than conveys a feeling of forward motion and makes these foreign cars look quaint instead of "fleet"? A "sculptor" may "use lines for the sheer sake of beauty" when molding a female form but that's an altogether different kind of chassis—unless you can define a "sexy" automobile!

R. O. KREINHEDER

Buffalo, N.Y.

Sirs:
The Gordon Buehrig has a sappy look to it. If the owner gets a flat tire, how's the tire going to be changed? Doesn't Willys have other colors besides red? Who'd want an airplane-type instrument panel anyway? Won't plastic-body cars melt in hot summer days or crack in cold winter days? How does steel top on the Playboy fold? How come the Rolls-Royce hasn't changed since 1904? Why do foreigners copy each other's car plans? What's the gravity point of the Davis car and how does it stand up?

RAYMOND BOISVERT

Washington, D.C.

● By unbolting a section of the fender. Yes; yellow and green. Lots of people. No. It is hinged and slides into a wall in back of the seat. The Rolls has changed, only the radiator silhouette remains the same. We

don't know. Eighteen inches from the ground; like any tricycle or three-legged stool.—ED.

GIANT TELESCOPE

Sirs:
You state (LIFE, Dec. 8) that the 200-inch disk for Mt. Palomar will have twice the range of the 100-inch disk on Mt. Wilson. Believe it is four times the range . . . the square to the ratio, y'know. Ask Einstein as I am one of only 10 he understands.

F. LANDER MOORMAN

Douglas, Ga.

● Reader Moorman squared his ratio a little too fast. The amount of light gathered by the mirror equals the square root of the size of its aperture. If the aperture is twice as great, four times as much light will be gathered. But the intensity of light diminishes as the square of the distance from the source. Therefore the 200-inch mirror gathers four times as much light as the 100-inch—which means that with it one can see light of the same intensity twice as far away.—ED.

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Here's how you can get started right now in this great \$50,000 contest: — 1. Study the sample puzzle at right. Read carefully the how-to-solve-it explanation below the puzzle. 2. Next try your skill at solving 2 of the official contest puzzles picked at random and reproduced at the bottom of this page. 3. Then, if you like the idea of these puzzles and want to win part of that \$50,000, mail coupon and you'll be rushed the 40 Official Contest Puzzles and complete contest details absolutely FREE of cost or obligation of any kind! Act now — you've nothing to lose and perhaps \$30,000 to gain!

No slogans or letters to write! And you do NOT have to send any money with your puzzle answers!

We think you'll agree it's a contest that's wonderfully fair as well as great fun for everybody when you get the simple contest details and 40 official puzzles which will be rushed to you FREE when you mail coupon below. There are no letters or slogans to write and neither neatness nor decoration of answers count. This is a puzzle contest!

Who is conducting this contest and why

This \$50,000.00 Prize Contest is sponsored by The Fiction Book Club — the nationally known publishing organization that provides its thousands of members with outstanding new best-selling novels at savings of 40% to 50% of original publishers' prices. (But this Contest is strictly a puzzle contest. You do NOT need to know anything about literature to win! And mailing the coupon for details does not obligate you in any way.)

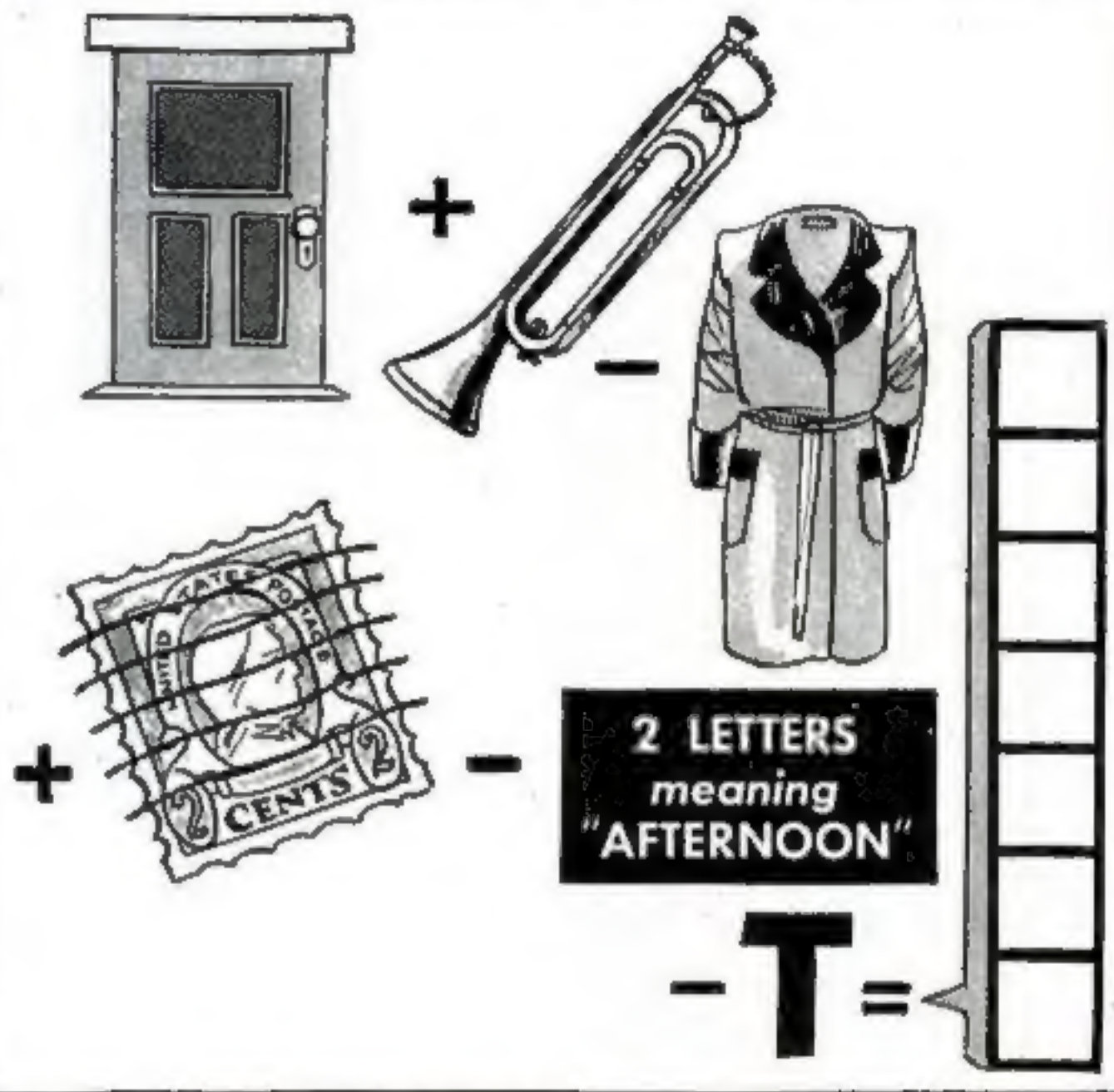
This Contest is just another important part of the Club's consistent, large scale advertising program designed to win thousands of new members. During the past two years alone, for example, The Fiction Book Club has spent more than three quarters of a million dollars in advertising in such famous magazines as Look, Redbook, Woman's Home Companion, McCall's, American Weekly, etc. All this advertising has built a business serving hundreds of thousands of members. Thus, when you enter this \$50,000 contest you can be sure of a 100% square deal from a fine established company. So don't delay. Mail coupon now for FREE official puzzles and complete contest details — entirely without obligation.

\$50,000 Puzzle Contest Sponsored by

The Fiction Book Club—31 West 57th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Can YOU Solve This Clever Little Puzzle?

It's a sample of the kind of puzzles you'll enjoy solving in this \$50,000 Contest. See "how-to-solve-it" explanation below.



The correct (last) Name for this puzzle appears below:

Andrew JACKSON
Amelia EARNHART

Stephen A. DOUGLAS
Benjamin N. CARDOZO

DeWitt CLINTON
Warren G. HARDING

This puzzle represents a well-known American name, and the correct name is one of those listed under the puzzle. Let's work it out together to see how the puzzles in this \$50,000 contest are solved:

First, let's identify the objects pictured: DOOR... BUGLE... ROBE... STAMP... and oh yes, those two letters representing "afternoon," why of course, that's P. M.

The plus sign tells us to add the first two objects, giving us the letters DOORBUGLE; the minus sign tells us to subtract the letters in ROBE, leaving us DOUGL. Next we add STAMP, giving us DOUGLSTAMP. Then, as

directed, we take away P. M. and also subtract T and we are left with DOUGLAS... 7 letters, same number as blank spaces at right.

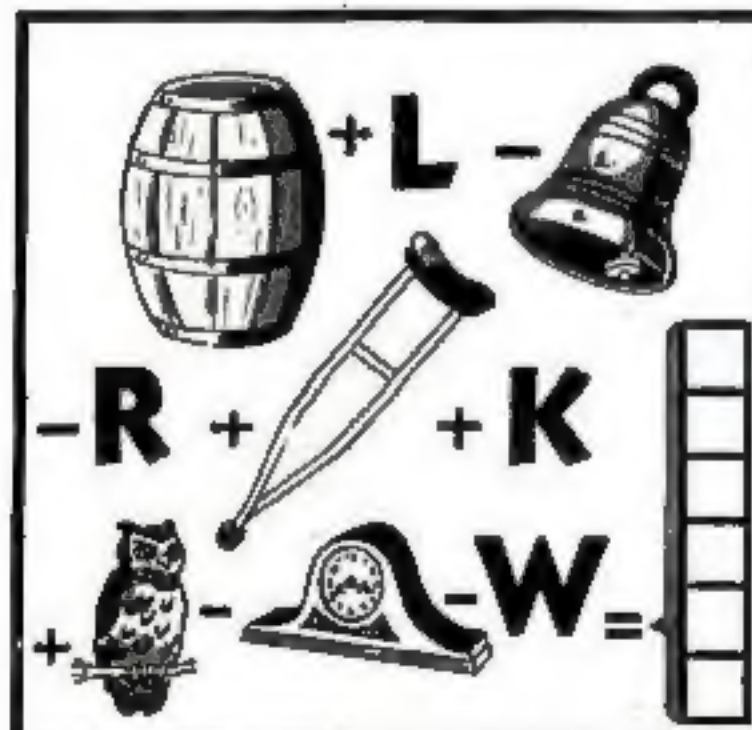
Therefore we must be correct so far. However, the letters need a little unscrambling now, and with a few moments thought we see they can be re-arranged to spell DOUGLAS.

Now to double check — does DOUGLAS appear as one of the names under the puzzle? Sure enough, there it is: Stephen A. DOUGLAS!

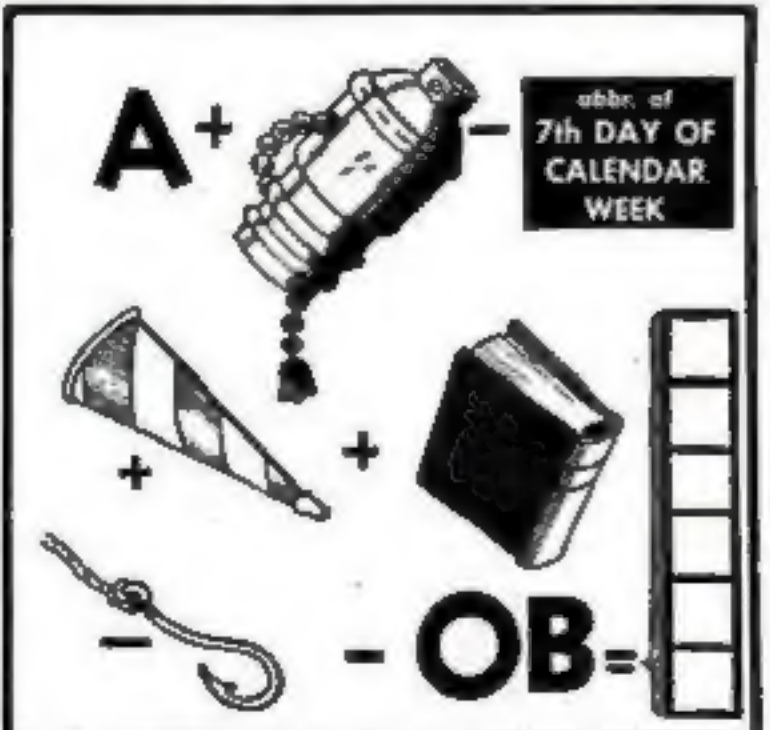
Get the idea? Then by all means mail coupon below for the 40 Official Puzzles and full details. No obligation on your part.

Now Try Your Skill

Below are two of the 40 Official Puzzles. If you can solve them, by all means mail the coupon for the official set of 40, with full details. No obligation.



Correct (last) name for this puzzle appears below
John A. SUTTER
David PORTER
Rufus PUTNAM
Chester A. ARTHUR
Jehudi ASHMUN
Phineas T. BARNUM



Correct (last) name for this puzzle appears below
Rufus CHOATE
Charles F. BROWNE
John BAYARD
Clara BARTON
Katie ROCKNE
Wm. Cullen BRYANT

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Be sure to print clearly your name and address above and ALSO ON LABEL AT RIGHT. This label will be used to mail the puzzles to you.

DO NOT DETACH

Name _____
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City _____
State _____
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Win up to \$30,000 CASH! Send Coupon NOW for Official Puzzles



AFTER A YEAR OF TRAINING, A NEW ENGLAND OX NAMED JIM MANAGES TO BALANCE A HAT ON HIS HEAD WITHOUT LETTING IT FALL OFF

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW HOW SMART A DUMB OX CAN GET

For years a young New England farmer named Herbert Read had been irritated by the time-worn expression "dumb as an ox." Herbert, who is 19 years old, liked oxen and hated to hear them maligned. A little more than a year ago he acquired a pair of young twin oxen named Jim and Jack and decided to show how smart an ox can get. He sprinkled some sawdust on the floor of his father's barn in the country near Seekonk, Mass. and spent four hours a day between

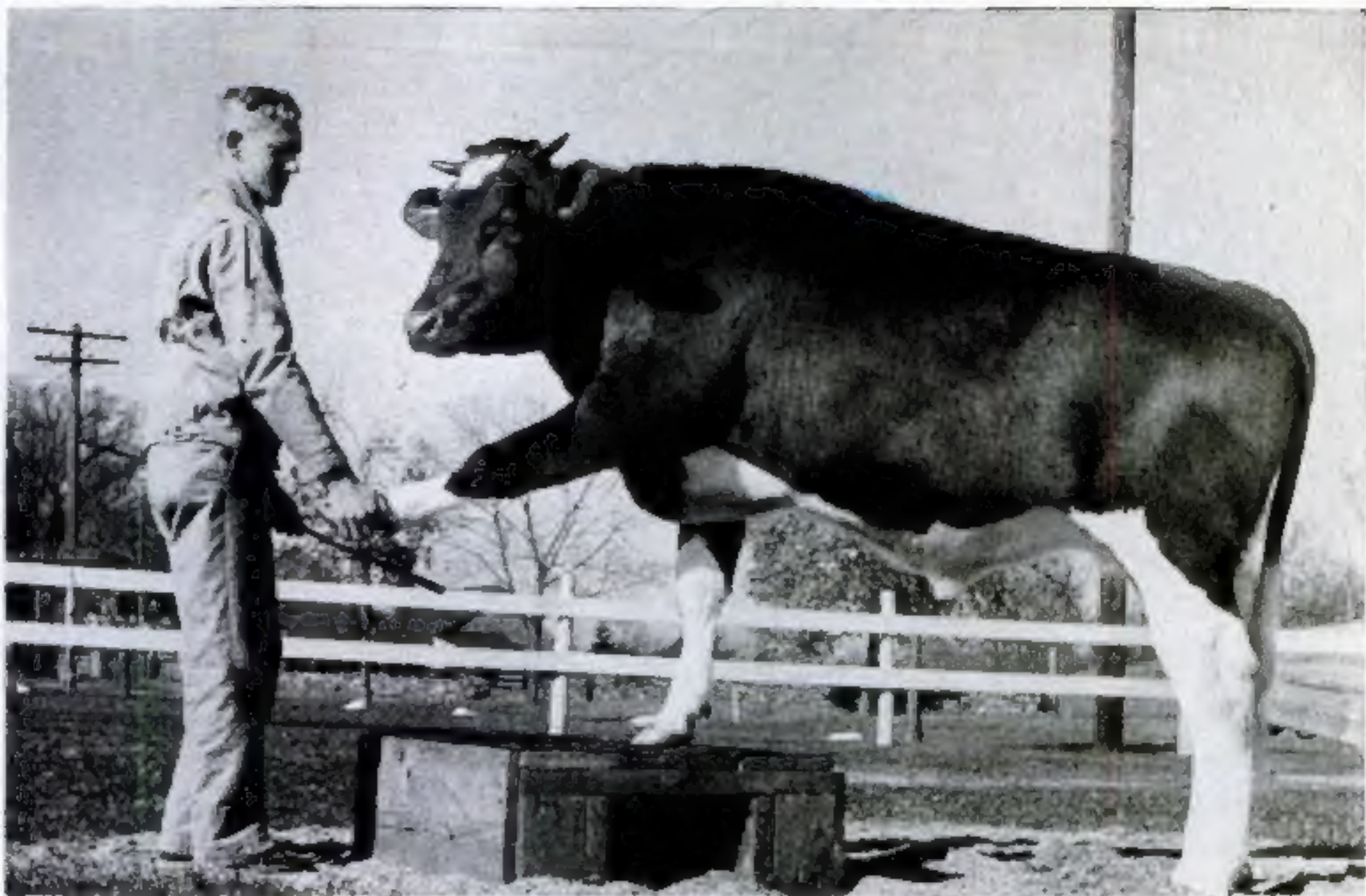
his regular chores teaching his oxen tricks. Jack learned some of the tricks more quickly than Jim, but Jim retained better than Jack and now has a bigger repertoire. For Jack, after a whole year of practice, it is still a major effort to lie down on the ground and play dead. Today Herbert is proud of his backward beasts' achievements and displays the tricks shown in these pictures as his proof that oxen really are smart. But Herbert loves oxen and may be prejudiced.



IN MOST COMPLICATED TRICK, OX JIM PLANTS FORELEGS ON PLATFORM, TURNS COMPLETE CIRCLE, THEN PULLS HIND LEGS UP TOO



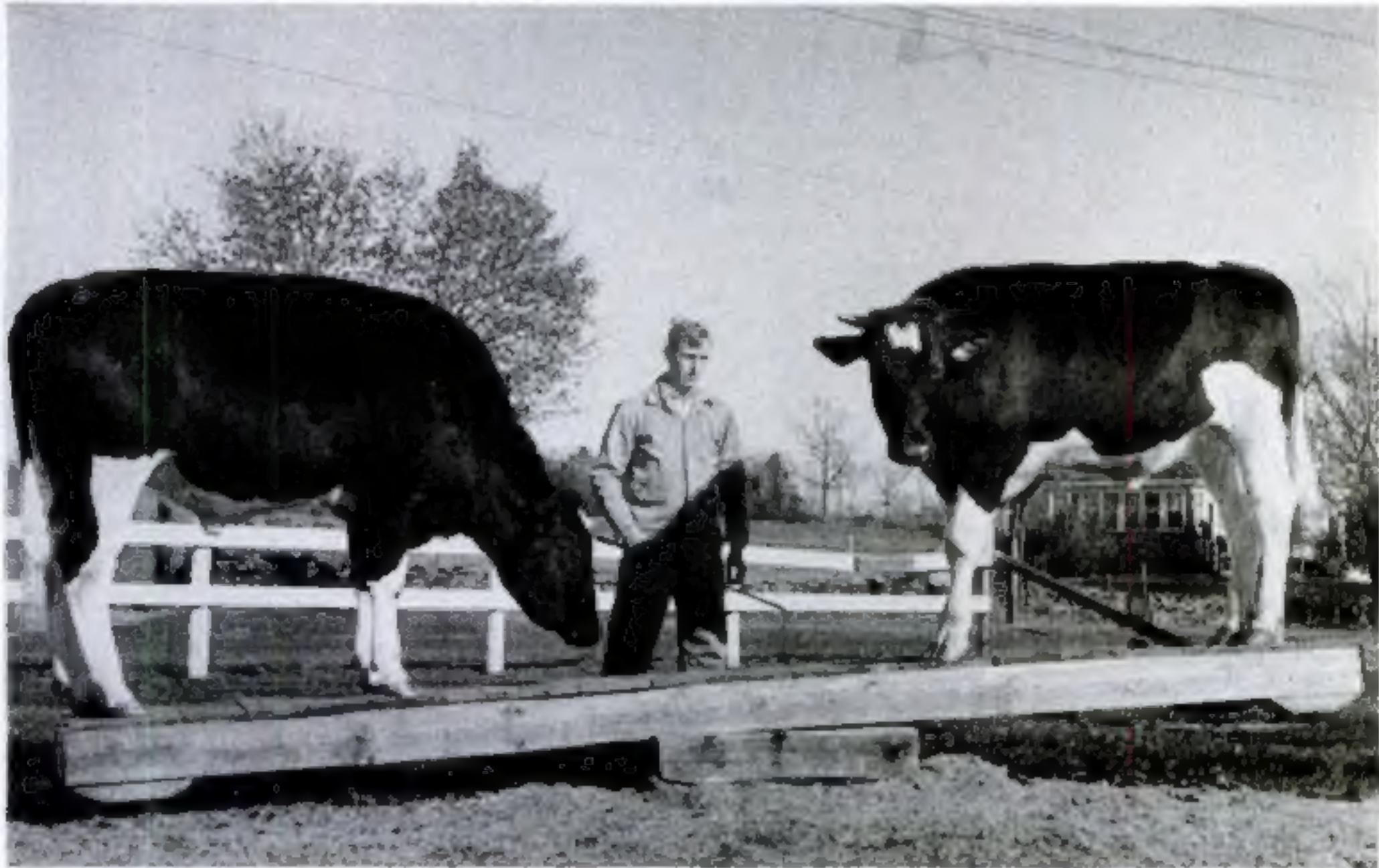
PRONE, JACK LETS HERBERT LIE ON HIM



SHAKING HANDS, JIM DOES A SIMPLE TRICK THAT IT TOOK HIM TWO MONTHS TO LEARN



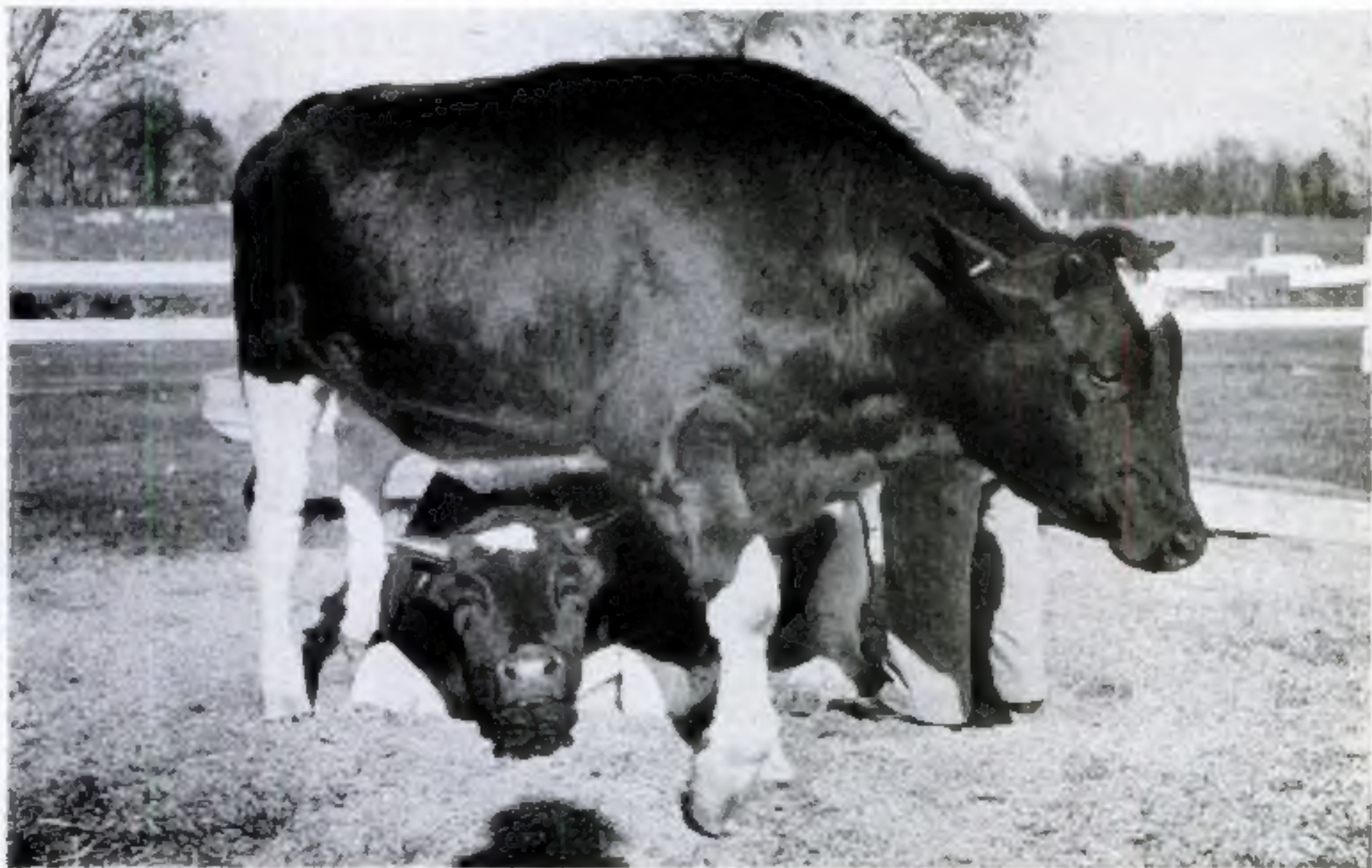
STILL PRONE, HE LETS HERBERT STAND UP



ON TEETER-TOTTER THE OX TWINS SEESAW WHENEVER ONE HAPPENS TO SHIFT WEIGHT



HELPED BY HERBERT, BOTH OXEN KNEEL



JIM, THE BRIGHTER OF THE OX TWINS, STEPS STIFFLY OVER JACK, WHO PLAYS DEAD

*As if I didn't have
enough on my mind!*



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



BUT OXEN WORK HARD. Here Jack and Jim, both Holstein steers, are yoked to rocks. Herbert plans to make them a champion pulling team. Prize ox teams, which are stronger than horse teams and eat less feed, have pulled 13,000 pounds. Generally the word oxen means castrated bulls used for labor.



AND THEY ARE FRIENDLY. Here Jim lays his head affectionately in his master's lap. Throughout history, oxen, though whipped and driven hard, have been notoriously patient with their masters. On the old Oregon Trail oxen took care of teamsters by allowing them to snuggle up to them at night for warmth.

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LIFE'S COVER

Corine Gustafson, who is on LIFE's cover this week, is the second member of the Coral Gables war memorial youth center to appear there. The first was Betty Wagner (LIFE, March 17). At 15, Corine is a girl of many ambitions. She has done some modeling and hopes to do more, wants to be a singer, wants especially to get into the movies. Eventually she hopes to marry a doctor and live in Colorado or Minnesota so she can ski. Meanwhile Corine, who lives in Miami (pp. 31-42), will get a little more public-appearance experience by riding on a float in the Orange Bowl parade next week.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

COVER—RALPH CRANE FROM B.S.

4, 5, 6—NINA LEEN

9—JOHN PHILLIPS

10—J. WALTER GREEN FROM A.P.

11—MAJORANA COURTESY "CANTACHIARO," ONORATO COURTESY "CANTACHIARO," SCARPELLI COURTESY "CANTACHIARO"—JOHN PHILLIPS—A.P.

12, 13—JOHN PHILLIPS

15—W.B. SMITH FOR DORMAN-SMITH STUDIOS

16—N.R. FAREMAN

17—KEYSTONE—MAP BY ANTHONY SODARO & FRANK STOCKMAN

18—HANK WALKER—ST. HANK WALKER

19—HANK WALKER

20—JIM BERRYMAN IN THE WASHINGTON EVENING STAR, DEC. 12, 1947

23—KURT PAUL KLAGSBRUNN

25—ERIC SCHAAL

26, 27—ERIC SCHAAL DEC. 2, LT. BRADING BY ANTHONY SODARO

28, 29—CHARTS BY CHARLES E. MARTIN—LT. CDR. ROMAN VISHNIAC

31—RALPH CRANE FROM B.S.

32, 33—RALPH CRANE FROM B.S.—BEN SCHNALL DEC. 17, RALPH CRANE FROM B.S.

34—RALPH CRANE FROM B.S. DEC. 10, ST. BEN SCHNALL

35, 36, 37—RALPH CRANE FROM B.S.

38, 39—RALPH CRANE FROM B.S. DEC. 10, ST. BEN SCHNALL (2)

40, 41—RALPH CRANE FROM B.S. DEC. 11, CDR. BEN SCHNALL

42—RALPH CRANE FROM B.S.

44—1, ROBERT W. KELLEY

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51 THROUGH 53—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT FROM PIX

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66—W.W.

67—A.P.

68—MAPS BY ANTHONY SODARO & FRANK STOCKMAN

70, 71, 72—PETER STACKPOLE

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"Our American concept of radio is that it is of the people and for the people"

Freedom to LISTEN – Freedom to LOOK

As the world grows smaller, the question of international communications and world understanding grows larger. The most important phase of this problem is *Freedom to Listen* and *Freedom to Look*—for all peoples of the world.

Radio, by its very nature, is a medium of mass communication; it is a carrier of intelligence. It delivers ideas with an impact that is powerful... Its essence is freedom—liberty of thought and of speech.

Radio should make a prisoner of no man and it should make no man its slave. No one should

be forced to listen and no one compelled to refrain from listening. Always and everywhere, it should be the prerogative of every listener to turn his receiver off, of his own free will.

The principle of *Freedom to Listen* should be established for all peoples without restriction or fear. This is as important as *Freedom of Speech* and *Freedom of the Press*.

Television is on the way and moving steadily forward. Television fires the imagination, and the day is foreseen when we shall look around the earth from city to city, and nation to nation,

as easily as we now listen to global broadcasts. Therefore, *Freedom to Look* is as important as *Freedom to Listen*, for the combination of these will be the radio of the future.

The "Voice of Peace" must speak around this planet and be heard by all people everywhere, no matter what their race, or creed, or political philosophies.*

David Sarnoff

* President and Chairman of the Board,
Radio Corporation of America.

* Excerpts from an address before the United States National Commission for UNESCO.



RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

FREEDOM IS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS



AS THE TRANSPORT "ADMIRAL SIMS" SAILS OUT OF LEGHORN HARBOR GIRLFRIENDS OF YANKS FOLLOW THEM IN BOATS TO WAVE A SORROWFUL FAREWELL

U.S. ARMY LEAVES ITALY ON ITS OWN

On the bright, gloomy, happy, sad, bitter and wonderful day of Dec. 11 the U. S. Army of Occupation left Italy. The flag that came ashore through the reddened surf of Salerno on Sept. 9, 1943 descended for the last time at Leghorn, and the Italian ensign went up in its place. For the happy Yanks aboard the transport *Admiral Sims* there was the promise of Christmas at home. For some Italians there was heartbreak. As the *Sims* moved out from the pier, boats full of mourning Leghorn girls provided a wistful escort (above).

Plenty of other Italians were sorry to see the GIs go (p. 12) but plenty more—including the De Gasperi government—were glad they had stayed as long as they had. Either by design or providential coincidence, the departure followed by only two days the collapse of the Communist-led general strike in Rome (pp. 10-11). Fortified by this victory, the Italian government could now fly its own flag with confident self-reliance.

The Yanks had played no role in the nation's affairs during the two-month Communist offen-

sive. But their continued presence had been a reassuring manifest of U.S. determination to keep Italy free from slipping into a dictatorship as rigid as Mussolini's. The failure of the Rome strike did not mean that this Communist menace to Italy had ended. But, as in the case of France (LIFE, Dec. 15), the existing government had gained the courage to cope with it. Nor had the U.S. weakened in its resolve to back democratic forces. President Truman sharply warned that only the U.S. Army—not U.S. support—was leaving Italy.



SANCTUARY IN CHURCH was denied this youth who flees down steps to escape a clubbing. Forces of the *Reparto Celere*, or riot squad, were the only police involved in

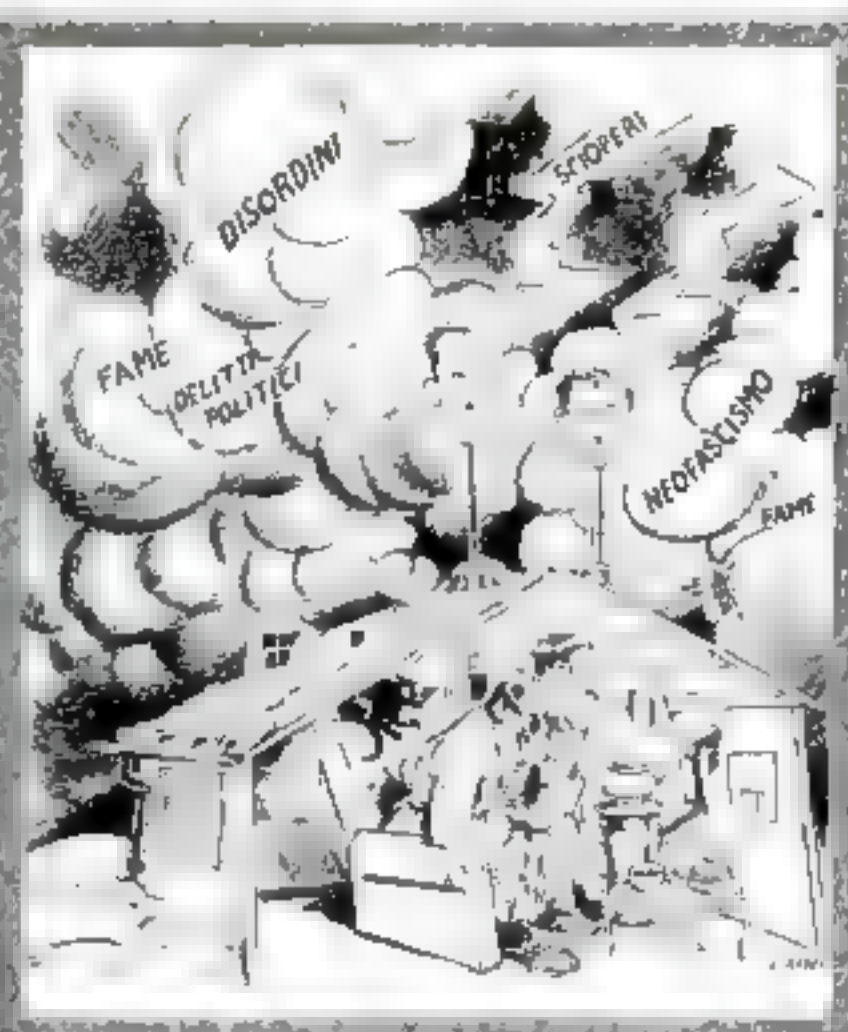
violence. They broke up a demonstration in the Piazza Colonna and at one point lost their tempers and chased demonstrators out of buildings in which they had sought cover.



"RED SERENADE," newspaper cartoon, caricatures Togliatti (right) and Nenni wooing Premier de Gasperi with machine guns.



APPEAL TO CATHOLICS by Togliatti is lampooned by cartoon showing him as "good shepherd" with hammer-and-sickle crook whose Red followers slink through St. Peter's Square as he carries neo-Fascist Granini on his shoulders.



ANOTHER CARTOON shows Socialist Suragat (left) and Republican Pacciardi functioning as "lightning rods" for Premier de Gasperi.

ROME'S HEALTHY REALISM WRECKS THE RED STRIKE

For two months the Communist parties of France and Italy had conducted growing offensives against their governments. When the French offensive was crushed, Reds cried, "Watch Italy." The world watched Italy and saw the Communist campaign fizzle even more painfully there than it had in France.

Italy's Communist leaders made their first mistake when they decided to climax the Red drive with a general strike in Rome, a traditionally realistic and intelligent city. Mistake No. 2 came when they embraced a false issue—a demand for a \$16.5 million unemployment relief program which already had been granted. The re-

sult was a halfhearted strike that folded in 48 hours.

Rome citizens simply were not interested in following the Red shepherd (above). The De Gasperi government met demonstrations with firm action. Aware that the only issues were political, workers patronized half-closed institutions (right) and laughed at the Red threats. The collapse of the strike gave the government the shot-in-the-arm it needed to face the Communist menace when U.S. troops pulled out. Despite the defeat in Rome—or perhaps because of it—the Communists last week were intensifying their campaign in the south to augment their strength in the industrial north.



CUSTOMER SLIPS INTO BANK DURING STRIKE



POLICE IN JEEPS emphasized the De Gasperi government's dramatic decision to meet the Communist threat with firm action. Members of the riot squad charged dem-

onstrators with jeeps and drove them back to steps of buildings in the Piazza Colonna. Less than two hours after this picture was taken Communist leaders called off the strike.



ALL PROPERTY LEFT BEHIND BY AMERICANS IS TURNED OVER TO THE ITALIAN ARMED FORCES

AFTER A LAST SPAGHETTI MEAL, THE GIs LEAVE

When U.S. troops loaded with barracks bags tramped down across the Leghorn piers (opposite) to board the *Admiral Sims*, some of them were visibly affected at leaving their foster homes in Italy. Only a few of the soldiers now homeward bound had experienced the grim days of the Italian campaign, when Leghorn was just a name and Cassino and Anzio and the Rapido River were the dreadful realities. Most of these GIs had happy memories of girls, spaghetti and farewell parties.

The official last man aboard the transport *Admiral Sims* was an Italian-American named Alfredo Paiva, but he was not the last U.S. soldier out of

Italy. Although the occupation is over, in accordance with the Italian treaty, a small graves registration unit remains in Rome.

Before the *Admiral Sims* sailed there was a formal farewell ceremony at the pierside, on a dock made out of the hulk of an Italian ship sunk during the war. An honor guard of Italian and American troops stood by while Italian army officers decorated U.S. officers. Finally at 1:30 p.m. the *Sims* cast off. Aboard her were 1,356 enlisted men, 97 officers, 42 civilians, 14 brides (some of them Italian) and three babies. The Yanks, who had come to an Italy torn by war, had left it with at least a hope of peace.



LAST SPAGHETTI DINNER in Italy is cooked as farewell to Tech. Sgt. Alfred A. Alexander by Socci family.



LAST GOODBYS are said at door by Sgt. Alexander and Signora Socci, ending a long and pleasant friendship.



THE END OF U.S. CAMPAIGN IN ITALY COMES ON A MISTY MORNING AS TROOPS MARCH TO TRANSPORT AT LEGHORN DOCKS



INFLATION

TO CONTROL IT AND KEEP A FREE ECONOMY, FISCAL METHODS SHOULD BE TRIED FIRST

As years go, 1947 wasn't so bad. The economists' graphs, which we Americans study as though they were the circumference of happiness, have all been spectacular. Employment is at an all-time high. So are wages, profits, national income and many other indices. Yet as 1947 is wrung out and hung up to dry, one huge domestic problem overshadows the U.S.: inflation.

On pages 28-29 is a prediction by Economist W. S. Woytinsky, whose record at the crystal ball is better than most, to the effect that Americans have no reason to fear a severe depression for many years to come. If we use our heads we can get through the present confused period—this "depression de luxe"—and emerge smoothly into a long, gentle boom. That, of course, is what we all want. The measure of whether we succeed in this transition will be prices. If we can get these prices down by design and not by depression, we will have won. That is our 1948 problem.

Two things will also happen in 1948 to make the problem tougher. First, the essential European recovery program will continue a large export demand on top of the inflated domestic demand for our food, steel and other short items. Second, it is a presidential year, which will make it even harder than usual to distinguish the strictly economic statement of our problems from the accompanying political burps and bellows. So while Congress is resting, let us try to see whether our economic problem has an economic answer.

Premises of the Problem

To begin with, let us assume that the country is producing about as much as it is able and willing to do. Indeed our production record since the end of the 1946 strike wave has been extraordinary. We could do even better, no doubt, by going back to a six-day week, or by letting in a lot of immigrant labor. But the normal incentives of a free economy, notably the chase of the dollar, are keeping people about as busy as they want to be.

In the second place, let us agree not to blame any single class for this inflation. Those who have gained the most in comparison with their prewar share of the national income, the farmers, have also performed prodigies of production at a time when the whole world depends on them. (Would that it were equally possible to bribe the weather!) So let's not look for scapegoats in this crisis. The speculator, now being hunted through the commodity markets, is a moth-eaten and misleading sort of villain. Profits seem high but are still only 5% of the national income, just about what they were in 1936-39. The wage earner is better off than he used to be, but who wants him worse off? Probably buying power is now more equitably distributed than ever in history.

Finally, the problem of inflation is not a very complicated one. There is lots of production and lots of well-distributed buying power; the trouble is there is more of the latter than the former. If prices are allowed to go even higher, they will ultimately bring the two in balance, ruthlessly distributing the scarce items to the highest bidders. Thus inflation, in a relatively self-sufficient country like ours, will ultimately cure itself. But this

cheery thought presupposes a somewhat docile public ("economic man," as he used to be called) and also a fairly constant quantity of money. Neither of these does our dynamic system possess.

For example we have a dynamic foreign policy. Here politics enters the otherwise uncomplicated picture. President Truman was quite smart in linking his plea for the Marshall Plan with a plea for wide powers of allocation and rationing. He thereby put the political flea on the elephant's back, and no amount of feudin' and fussin' has yet caused it to take refuge on the donkey. Senator Taft's Joint Economic Committee endorsed part of the President's program, and a feeble compromise bill was passed last week.

The new law ducks the issue of rationing because the Republicans don't think it will work. And as long as they think that, it certainly won't work. It should therefore not be tried until the country changes its mind. For successful rationing depends on a degree of national unity seldom achievable in peacetime, reinforced by a certain amount of tangible deprivation or misery to share. Since Americans' consumption of food and everything else is higher than it ever was, there is as yet no real misery to share. So why expect rationing to work?

The Money Supply

Nevertheless if inflation is to be stopped, and if we cannot produce more, then the U.S. must somehow reduce its consumption. And if the gentle restraints in last week's law don't do the job, there are other ways to compel a reduction. The most interesting of these is that of Federal Reserve Board Chairman Marriner S. Eccles. Although quite unlike the brutal expropriation by which the Russians have just cured their inflation, the Eccles plan has something of its surgical character.

Mr. Eccles points out that the most obvious aspect of our inflation is the huge increase of dollars in circulation. The money supply has nearly tripled since 1939. Eccles thinks we should mop up some of these dollars, and the way to do it is to compel all the banks to increase the amount of money they have to hold in reserve, in other words the amount of deposits not available for loans, from the present 26% to 51%. This would force the banks to call in a lot of loans. Moreover if you wanted to borrow cash to buy a new washing machine or stock a store or expand a plant, you would find it harder to borrow. That long-forgotten phrase would have meaning again: "Money's tight." This would result in layoffs and cutbacks all down the line, precisely what Eccles believes is necessary.

When Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder heard this, he kicked under the table like a bridge player whose partner has overbid. For such a program would force banks to liquidate some of their long-term government bonds, lowering the market in those securities and worsening the country's immense war-debt problem. Private bankers generally, including the board's own Advisory Council, don't like the Eccles scheme. They think bank credit is already well protected by the famed shrewd eyes and cold hearts in the 15,000

banks across the country. And Allan Sproul, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, made another objection: "A program of modest steps may well be cumulative in effect, in the present sensitive money and credit situation." In other words he is afraid that Eccles' scheme might work too well and crush the boom along with the inflation.

Why Jitters?

Indeed, as the year ended, many a wisacre was beginning to get jittery about the boom. Exhibit A for the this-can't-last thesis is the New York Stock Exchange, which—in direct contrast to its 1925-29 behavior—has conspicuously failed to join the inflationary frolic.

How seriously are we to take these jitters? Only this seriously: they are symptoms of, as the stock quotations are bets on, the fear that American democracy cannot control its own economic fate. That Eccles might crush the boom is really not half so scary a thought as the fact that monetary authorities have hitherto been so timid about trying to restrain it. Eccles and Snyder between them have powers to curb the monetary part of our inflation which they have not yet used. (Eccles could, for example, increase the reserve requirements of New York and Chicago banks without legislation, or he could stop supporting the market for government bonds.) They have not used these powers because inflation is politically easier than deflation. By submitting his plan and passing the buck to Congress, Eccles has at least performed the service of calling public attention to the monetary situation. He reminds us that we have a sharp, flexible and reversible tool to deal with inflation if we really make up our minds to do it.

We also have other fiscal tools. We can produce a big federal budget surplus through high taxes and reduced government spending. We can mop up purchasing power with new bond sales to individuals. During the next three months, when for technical reasons our monetary inflation is due to take a breathing spell, all these proposals should be studied.

They should certainly be studied and tried before we resort to rationing or other direct controls which interfere with our free market. And they should be studied in this spirit and resolve: it is possible for a democratic economy to control its own extreme fluctuations without changing its essentially free character. Since it is the government's right and duty to reflate when men are idle, it is also its right and duty to deflate when there is too much money around. We will not be an adult nation until we can take either of these steps, whichever is required, without fear of its opposite.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

One winter night a farm hand named Sam Littlejohn and two of his brothers were cruising along a lonely South Carolina highway. Suddenly there was a crash. They ducked, slammed on the brakes. Unhurt, they piled out to see what they had hit. The object: a 1,500-pound mare. In one blow she had been killed, flipped into the air and dumped through the roof into the back seat of the car as shown in the picture opposite, taken the next day.



A DEAD HORSE REPOSES IN THE BACK SEAT OF A CAR,
KILLED INSTANTLY AND FLIPPED THERE IN ONE BLOW

RUSSIA AND THE WEST

CUT GERMAN NATION IN HALF

The defeated country is left sliced down the middle as the foreign ministers' conference ends in a row

In London last week another—and possibly the last—futile attempt by the Big Four foreign ministers to frame a peace treaty for Germany and Austria came to a bitter and dramatic end. After 17 days of repetitious haggling, Russia's Vyacheslav Molotov suddenly lashed out with a long excoriation of the Western powers, accusing them of practically every crime in the book in their handling of the zones they occupy in Germany. According to Mr. Molotov, the U.S. in particular was systematically looting and exploiting Germany. At the end of the tirade Britain's Ernest Bevin, livid with anger, said with blunt sarcasm, "I did think Mr. Molotov would have wound up his speech at least by thanking us for having the courtesy to sit here so long listening to him." The U.S.'s George Marshall quietly but very coldly laid down a barrage of fact which proved that Russia and not the Western powers was making a very good thing out of the occupation of Germany. On this note the conference broke up.

The chief stumbling block was Russia's persistent demand for \$10 billion in war reparations from Germany. According to Mr. Bevin, Russia has already



"THIS WILL BE COZY," says Molotov (*right*) as he sits down before the fireplace at a luncheon to which he was invited by Ambassador Lewis Douglas (*left*) and Secretary

Marshall. But only at this luncheon, at which Marshall carefully steered the conversation away from the business of the conference, was there much display of conviviality.

removed \$7 billion in plants and production from her zone. She is now taking out an estimated \$500 million a year (map, below). Meanwhile Britain and the U.S., to keep the Germans in their zones from starving, are shipping in about \$700 million worth of food a year. In effect the Russian demand for further reparations would have to be met by further expense by the Western powers.

Last week's impasse among the Big Four, although it kept conquered Germany split down the middle, had one beneficial effect. While it was clear that the Western powers could expect no cooperation from Russia on the German problem except at prohibitive terms, the way was now paved for the next best thing: the integration of the U.S., British and French zones into a "Trizoma." The U.S. and Britain, with France finally expressing a willingness to consider the proposition, could now work out a program that would be vastly more efficient and could eventually lead the major part of Germany back into the Western European bloc. At week's end President Truman in Washington asked Congress to include western Germany as "an integral part" of any Marshall Plan aid.



MOLOTOV (LEFT) AND VISHINSKY STALK OUT SOMBERLY AS CONFERENCE ENDS



TWO GERMANIES now exist—just as if east and west had been pulled apart as on this map. One reason Russia can stall on closing the breach is that she is managing to

drain \$500 million a year in goods from her zone. Meanwhile U.S. and Britain are spending vast sums on food for their zones, which normally imported food from the east.



IN WAYNE COUNTY COURTROOM, BEFORE A CALENDAR ADVERTISING A FUNERAL HOME, DEFENSE ATTORNEY SIDNEY WARD SUMS UP HIS CASE FOR LILLIE WINTER

LILLIE WINTER IS AGAIN ACQUITTED OF POISONING

When the jury of solemn farmers filed out of the Wayne County courtroom in Fairfield, Ill. on Dec. 13, pious old Lillie Winter appraised them with a practiced eye. "Things look good," she said. "They haven't got any evidence that I can see, but then you never can tell. . . ." When the jury returned with a verdict after only 25 minutes, 78-year-old Lillie smiled with righteous satisfaction. They had found her not guilty of attempting to murder her 17-year-old granddaughter, Marjorie Burton, by putting arsenic in her milk. Lillie promptly went home to her rocking chair and her Bible (opposite), just as she had done 14 months before when another jury, in the same court, had found her innocent of poisoning her 3-year-old great-grandson, Donald Martin.

During Lillie Winter's trials, Prosecutor Virgil Mills tried to prove that it was no coincidence that the kindly old lady had survived most of her relatives. He exhumed the bodies of her sister Lorena, who died in 1922, and her brother Clinton, who passed away suddenly in 1941. In both he found strong traces of arsenic. Then, to suggest how the poison might have got there, Prosecutor

Mills produced a battered can of arsenate of lead, which he had found in Lillie's house. Her fingerprints were not on the can, however, and throughout the proceedings Great-grandmother Winter merely said, "Arsenic? I don't know nothing about any of this."

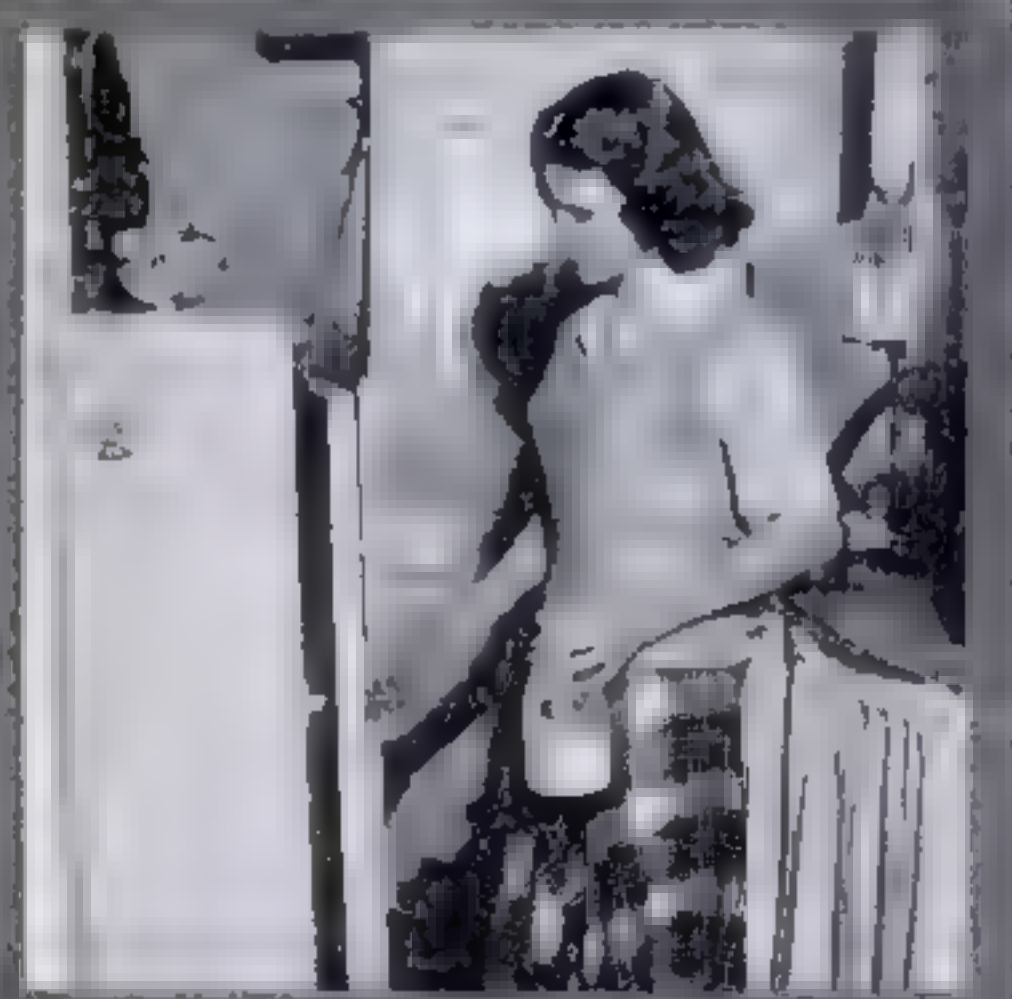
Lillie was free, but her freedom had come at a price. The price was an uneasy feeling that pervaded the town. Everybody thought it was a pretty strange case. One farmer said, "She's not guilty, but that doesn't mean I'd go to her place for dinner, know what I mean?" Another man reflected in horror, "I had breakfast there once!" Worst of all, her immediate family had now turned against her. Her own daughter, still recalling the earlier death and trial, said, "I just can't forget that mother, when my little grandson died, didn't shed a tear. She just sat calmly in that rocking chair of hers." So last week Lillie was thinking about moving away. She had hardly ever been out of Fairfield, but now she considered moving to Clay City, where she has a cousin. Then she added thoughtfully, "I've got a lot of relatives left in California. Maybe I'll go there later on."



GREAT-GRANDSON Donald Martin, 3, died strangely last year. Someone had given him 4.5 grains of arsenic.



BROTHER Clinton Clark ate a hearty lunch at Lillie's home in 1941, collapsed and expired a few hours later.



GRANDDAUGHTER Marjorie Burton drank a glass of poisoned milk but absorbed only a little arsenic and lived.



HOME AGAIN after her second acquittal. Lilie Winter sits by the stove and reads the 23rd Psalm ("The Lord is my shepherd . . ."). Before she retired to her rocking chair,

she was a temperance worker and an expert weaver, although she mournfully abandoned her loom after her brother Ralph died while wearing a suit she had made for him.



AFTER THE "EISENHOWER DINNER" TURMOIL THE WASHINGTON "STAR" OFFERS SOME TONGUE-IN-CHEEK ADVICE

WHAT DID EISENHOWER SAY?

HIS OFF-THE-RECORD COMMENTS AT A WASHINGTON DINNER START SOME JUICY AND MALICIOUS GOSSIP

In Washington last week a strange and elusive incident was serving notice that the presidential year—with its attendant gossip, rumor, trial balloons and back-knifing—is upon us. The incident concerned Chief of Staff Dwight Eisenhower, but it should also constitute a warning to all other candidates, whether avowed, unavowed or just plain guessed about, that the open season has arrived. From now on all persons over the age of 35, who are or by any stretch of the imagination can be identified prominently with either political party, will have to be on guard. Political gossip grows hotter by the day, and as it grows hotter it also grows more malicious. There is some question whether its hot breath has not already withered the first beautiful bloom on Eisenhower.

The incident is now known to Washington as the "Eisenhower dinner." Strangely the dinner was not even in honor of the engaging general. The hostesses, Mrs. J. Edward Durham and Mrs. John M. Gross, held it to introduce a new Pennsylvania congressman, Lichtenwalter, to the party's panjandrums. The guest list included Republican Pennsylvania's aging Joe Grundy, the onetime big boss; Senator Ed Martin, and G. Mason Owlett, who is the handyman of Philadelphia's rich Joe Pew. It also included Ohio's favorite son, Bob Taft, Michigan's distinguished Vandenberg and General Eisenhower.

The place was the 1925 F Street Club, an old Georgian mansion with a quiet elegance and some of the best food in Washington. The club's membership is properly exclusive. Everything is discreetly off the record. Yet 24 hours after the guests went home all Washington knew the story of the "Eisenhower dinner." The story was soon in print and on the air. Sharp-tongued Commentator Fulton Lewis Jr. provided the liveliest version of just what happened when the general and the politicians sat down to talk over liqueurs and coffee. The general, so Mr. Lewis told his listeners, had propounded an original cure for inflation—the government should call in the industrialists and have them agree 1) to reduce prices for a period of two to three years and 2) "to eliminate all profits whatsoever." If indus-

try refused, Congress should tax all profits 100%. The story was frightening enough to chill the blood of a Democrat—let alone a good Republican.

After this sort of gossip began spreading, there were some hasty efforts to set the record straight. Eisenhower had indeed been in a talkative mood and had got off some trenchant observations on the need for combating inflation by holding both profits and wages at reasonable levels. He also had talked at length of the need for vigorous leadership and by implication had criticized the Republicans in Congress for failing to provide it. Senator Taft, who is quick to feel a critical barb, had replied tartly that it was easy to talk in broad generalities—but writing specific legislation was a different matter. After the senator had his say the atmosphere in the usually cozy F Street Club grew chillier by the moment.

But the rumor about Eisenhower's 100% tax on profits apparently had been planted by some guest who disliked Eisenhower. It was nailed as a lie by the New York Times's scrupulous Columnist Arthur Krock, who wrote: "Imputed to the general, at a 'bull session' after a social dinner here last week, are words he never uttered and a supposed 'program' to deal with domestic problems which he never proposed. This correspondent was at the same table and heard the entire discussion, which was of the private and informal character that important public men should be able to engage in without distortion through 'leaks'..."

Despite this clean-cut denial the story doubtless would persist. And regardless of how effective the malicious part of the gossip proved, it was also a fact that Eisenhower had done his cause considerable damage. By talking a little too much among the party hierarchy he had proved himself at least somewhat naive as a politician. Moreover he would have a hard time persisting in his claim of amateur status now that he had been talking politics with politicians. As one of his rivals for the candidacy said, "The general's appearance at the same dinner table with Joe Grundy and Joe Pew's man Friday ought to qualify him as a professional."

—ROBERT T. ELSON

LOOKS GOOD!
See how brightly tempting!

LISTENS GOOD!
Hear it bubble softly!

SMELLS GOOD!
Catch a fragrant whiff!



'TIS GOOD!

**"And It's Almost a Meal in Itself"
Say Women Everywhere**

From every point of view, it's a grand choice for a main dish any day and any time of day. A nourishing beef stock and fifteen different garden vegetables make Campbell's Vegetable Soup hearty eating for

hungry people, sure enough! All the family love it, and that goes for mother, too. She knows it's "almost a meal in itself"—with all the many good things in it. Memo to Mom: Just try to keep it on hand!



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

My hustle, bustle, brawn and muscle
Come from exercise—
And also eating Campbell's Soup; so
Try it—you'll be wise!

21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus
Bean with Bacon • Beef Noodle • Black Bean
Beef • Bouillon • Consommé • Chicken with Rice
Chicken Gumbo • Chicken Noodle • Cream of
Mushroom • Clam Chowder • Ox Tail • Green Pea
Pepper Pot • Scotch Broth • Cream of Spinach
Tomato • Vegetable • Vegetarian Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef.

"But should parents try to control a child's future?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



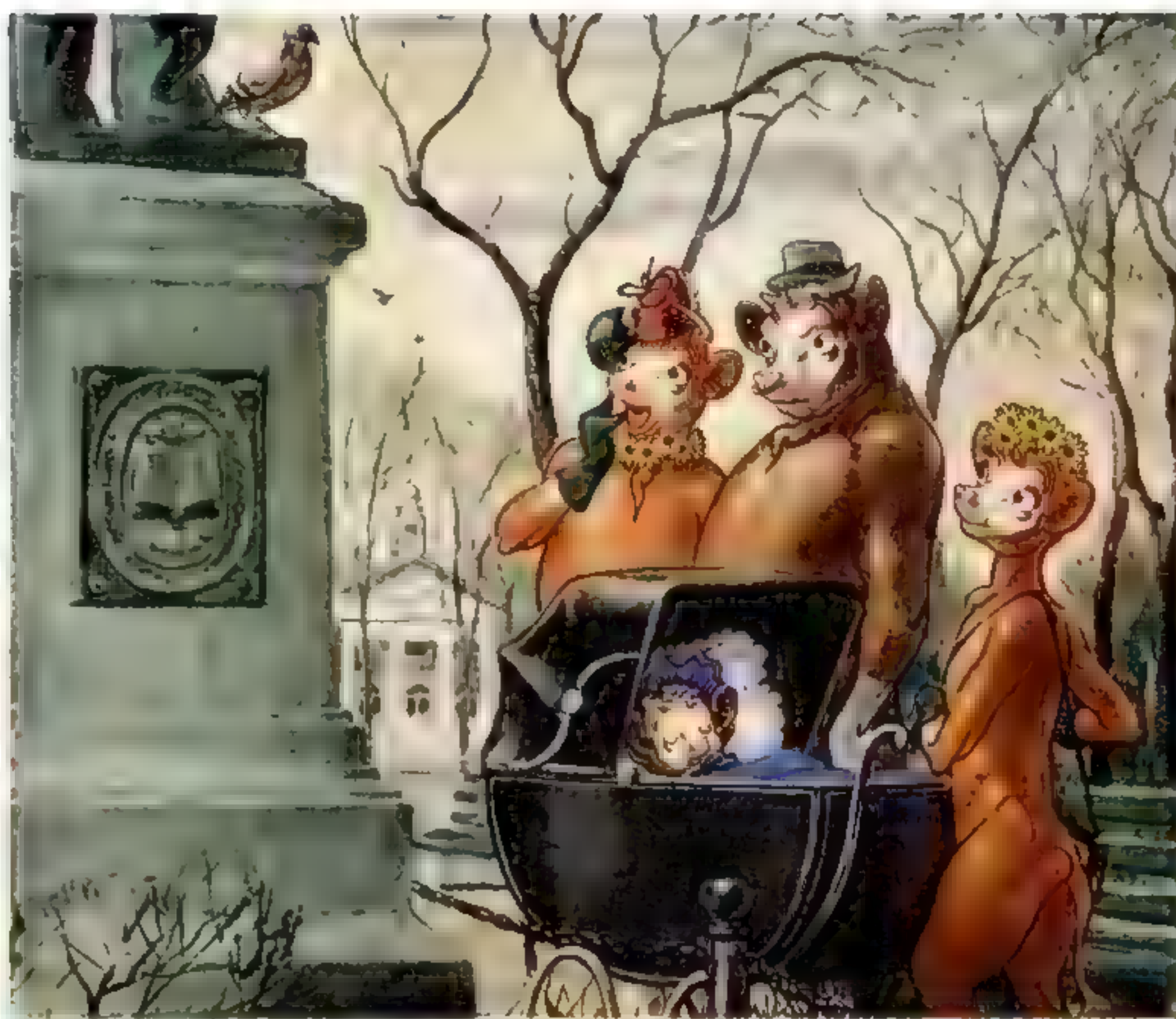
"CONTROL THE CHILD'S FUTURE!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "How about controlling his present, woman?"

"Oh, we must do that—we must, indeed," said Elsie. "By controlling him now, we'll make life easier for him and ourselves later on."

"Then what's all the shouting for?" snapped Elmer. "What's all this double talk about controlling his future?"

"I'm simply wondering," answered Elsie, "whether parents should try to influence a child to take up some special profession—or whether the child should be encouraged to pick his own life's work."

"My son can't creep yet," groaned Elmer, "and already you've got him working."



trapped! Why can't I keep my big mouth closed?"

"Nobody can keep his mouth closed," blithely chirped Elsie, "when he sees the smooth icings, the heavenly candies and cookies, the super pie fillings made with Eagle Brand. And they're all so easy to make—you see, Eagle Brand is a satiny blend of whole milk and pure cane sugar."



"What's all this cooking chatter got to do with my son?" demanded Elmer. "I say the kid'll be anything he makes up his mind to be!"

"That's just it!" said Elsie. "So, instead of parents making up their minds to make their sons engineers or doctors, they should study the child. And if

he shows a natural bent for—say, building things, help him along with building toys... if he shows any mechanical talent for taking things apart—"

"Hide your watch!" guffawed Elmer. "Now, let's forget this stuff, Elsie. All the kid's interested in now is eating—and you can't make a life's work of that."



"WHY, WHY have we never had ice cream like this before?" folks keep asking... Answer: never, until now, was there such ice cream as Lady Borden—never such richness, such smoothness, such flavor!

"Lots of folks," smiled Elsie, "would love to make a life's work of eating new Lady Borden Ice Cream! It truly is fit for a golden spoon. Such a luscious blending of golden cream with choice fruits and nuts—with chocolate and vanilla of character!"

"What do you mean—character?" asked Elmer.

"Between you and me, Daddy," said Beulah. "Mother means it's definitely good."

"Naturally, it's good, dear," agreed Elsie. "If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"



FREE—Foolproof recipes for luscious candies and cookies that almost make themselves—in Borden's Eagle Brand Book of Magic Recipes. Send post card to Elsie, Dept. L-127A, P.O. Box 175, New York 8, N.Y.



"If you think," continued Elmer, "that you're going to influence him into selling your doggoned Borden products, you have another think coming."

"Then," giggled Elsie, "I think there couldn't be a nicer job than selling a product with the many, many wonderful uses of

Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk."

"I've been tricked!" roared Elmer. "I've been



—if it's Borden's,
it's got to be good!



THE SICK HOLD UP WATER BOTTLES TO BE BLESSED BY THE PADRE. THIS IS AT RIO CASCA WHERE HE STAYED TWO MONTHS. HE IS CURRENTLY AT URUCANIA

"MIRACLE PRIEST"

The sick swarm to Brazilian towns to be "cured" by a little padre

Into the hot and dusty little towns of Rio Casca and Urucania in the southeastern region of Brazil come thousands of strangers every day. They are the malformed, the leprous, the paralyzed. They come to see a wizened, gap-toothed little man, the "miracle priest." When Padre Antonio Pinto appears at his window (above) and commands a cripple to "Stand up and walk," the man sometimes gets up, muttering, "Miracle!" More often he does not.

Yet as in all such cases, the few who do recover give hope to the rest. Word of the miracle priest is spreading quickly through Latin America, and the Church has not discouraged him. But sometimes the people are disappointed because Padre Antonio is not at his window, sick himself with a racking kidney disease, he only performs his "miracles" for a few weeks at a time. That way, he says, he hopes to live through 1948. He is not sure he will.



A TRUCKLOAD of sick pulls away. Drivers charged as much as \$1 a person. Lettering proclaims, "Viva Padre Antonio Pinto," and "We have seen miracles" (on door).



A "CURE" is claimed by the woman in white dress (center), who said she could not walk before visiting the padre. She stumbles away shouting, "Viva Padre Antonio!"

What's the cheapest thing you'll buy this week?



1. Prices vary, of course, throughout the country, but if you take Los Angeles as an example, you'll pay 10¢ a lb. for flour. Potatoes, your cheapest vegetable, will cost at least 5¢ a lb; sugar, 9¢; table salt, 6¢; bread 22¢; and meat—from 42¢ a lb. on up. A \$45 man's suit will cost you about \$11 a lb; a \$6 pair of shoes about \$3.

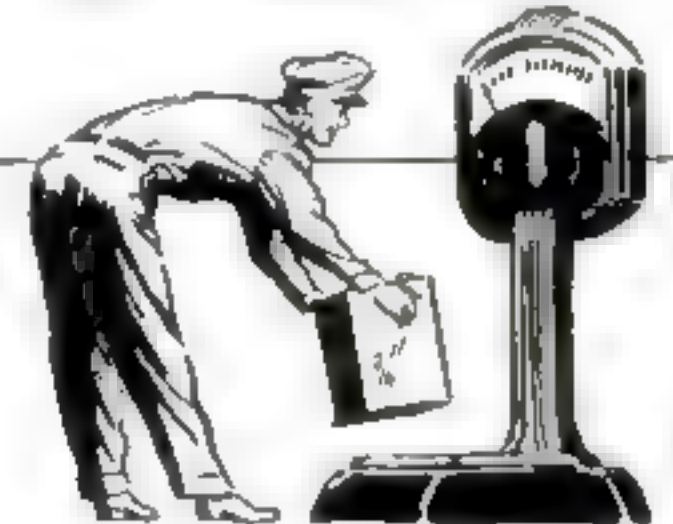


1 GAL. GASOLINE = **6 3/4 lb.**

2. But regular grade gasoline, exclusive of tax, will cost you just 2 1/2¢ to 2 3/4¢ per lb. depending on where you live. Pound for pound, that makes gasoline just about the cheapest commodity in daily use in America. To give you some idea *how cheap*, let's suppose it were possible to mail a pound from Los Angeles to Seattle.

	Price	State Tax	Fed. Tax	
New York	17.9	4	1 1/2	23.4
Seattle	16.7	5	1 1/2	23.2
Los Angeles	15.6	4 1/2	1 1/2	21.6
Chicago	16.8	3	1 1/2	21.3
Atlanta	17.5	6	1 1/2	25.0

(Figures are for non-premium gasoline)



3. The U. S. Post Office would charge you 17¢ just for taking it up there. But Union Oil will pump crude from a mile or two below ground; pipe that crude several miles to their refinery; process it into 76 Gasoline; ship it 1,349 miles by tanker to Seattle; deliver it by truck to your neighborhood station; and sell it to you for 2.6¢ per lb., less tax.

GASOLINE PRICES IN MAJOR CITIES

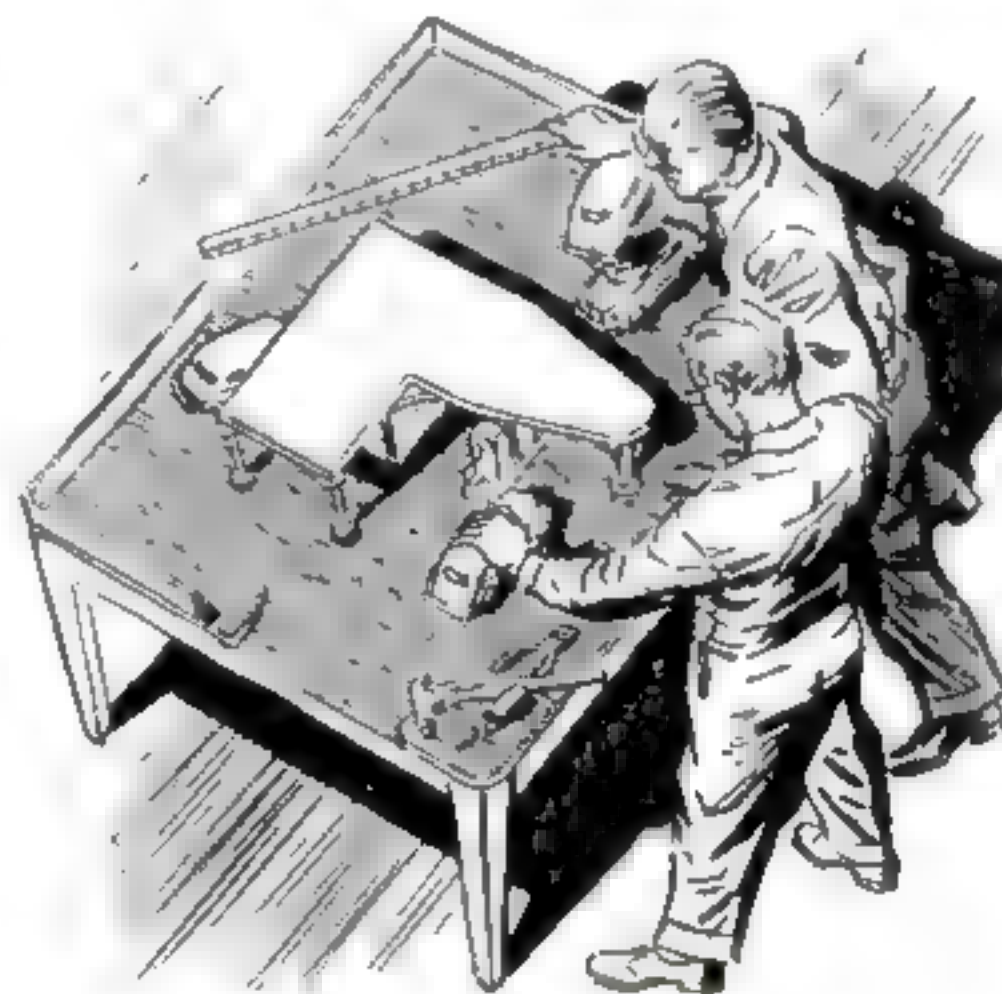
(On or about Jan. 10, 1939)

Berlin . . 59¢	London . . 31¢
Bombay . 30¢	Paris . . 30¢
Istanbul . 45¢	Prague . 41¢
Lisbon . . 42¢	Rome . . 81¢



4. Does that mean that gasoline is just naturally cheap? No, the average retail price of U.S. gasoline 25 years ago was *twice* what it is today.* And the quality since then has been immensely improved. Furthermore, gasoline prices in other countries of the world in 1939—when conditions were normal—were *two to four times* higher than U.S. prices today.

*Probably 4 times considering the low purchasing power of today's dollar.



5. What it does prove is the value of competition. Competition has kept the American oil companies striving constantly for ways to improve products and cut costs. For in a competitive business that's the only way *you can get more customers*. Where an oil industry has been controlled by the government, this hasn't happened.



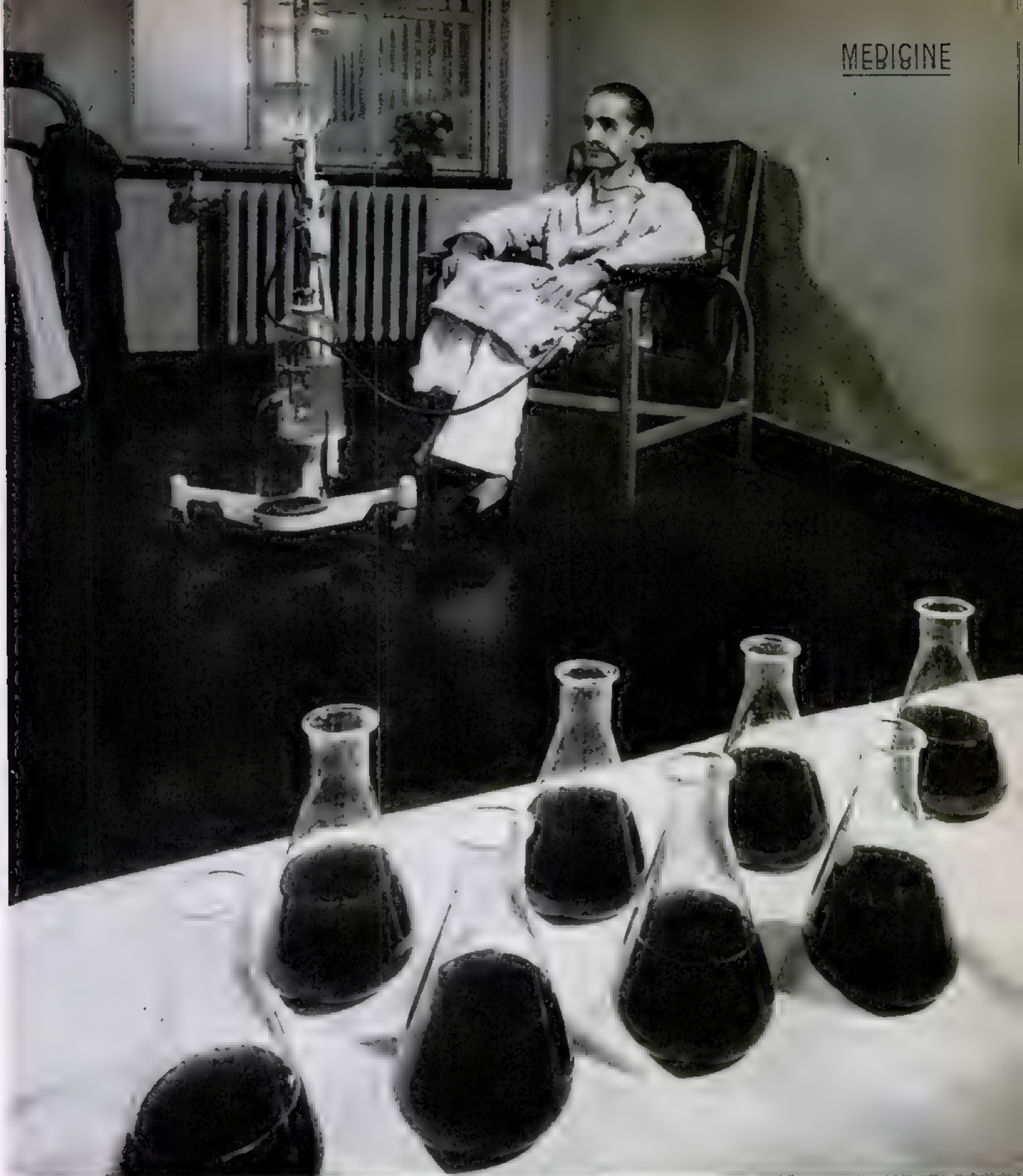
6. For there's not much incentive to go after more customers *when you already have them all*. But our American incentive system offers a reward in the form of more business or more wages to anyone who can do a better job. This incentive explains why the rest of the world's oil industries have been so far outstripped by our own.

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

INCORPORATED IN CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 17, 1890

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 14, California.

AMERICA'S FIFTH FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE



BEFORE OPERATION, STOMACH OF ULCER PATIENT VIALE PRODUCED 27 OUNCES OF GASTRIC JUICE IN ONE NIGHT VIA TUBE IN NOSE. NORMAL FLOW IS 10 OUNCES

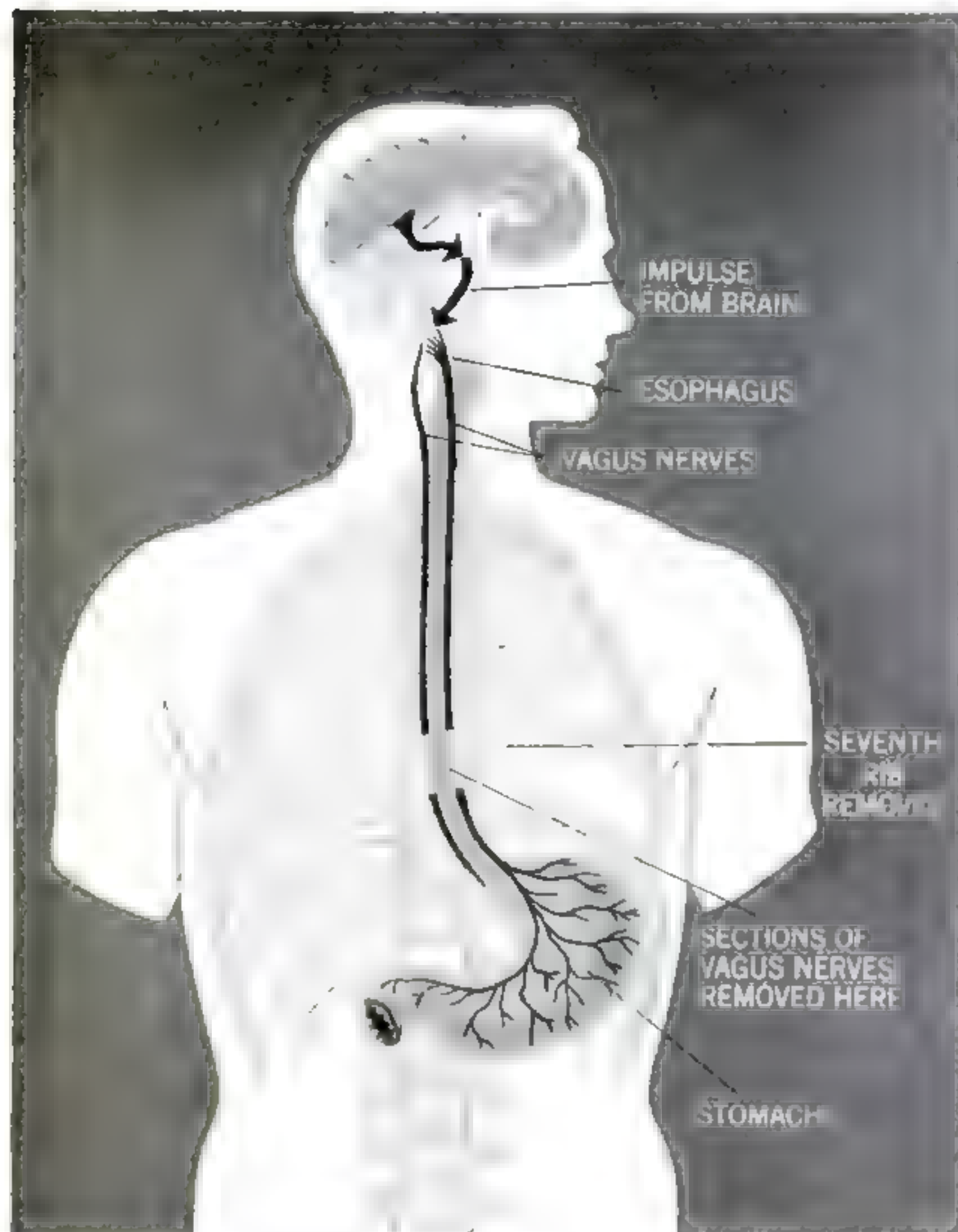
ULCER OPERATION

A new surgical technique is used to cure the most difficult cases

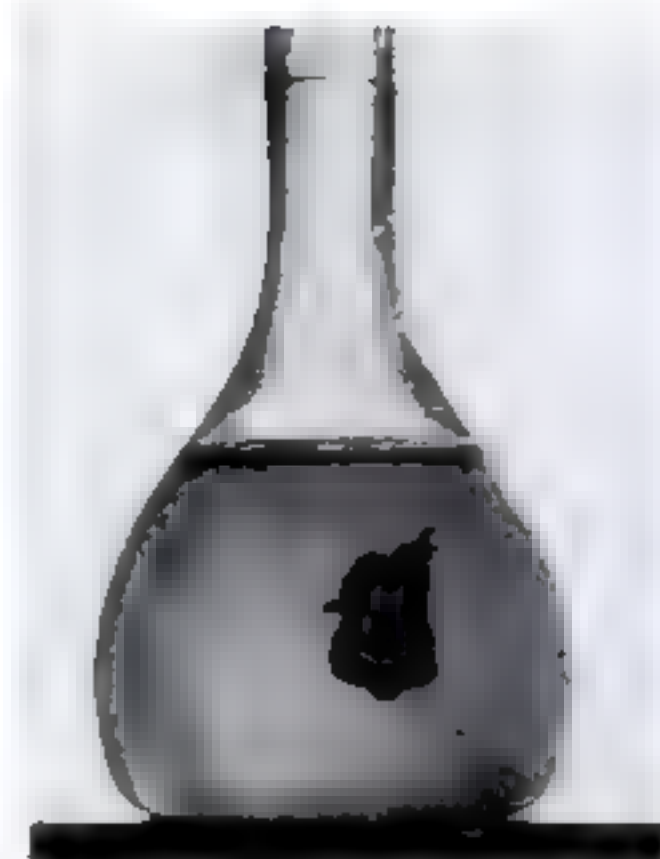
In the past five hectic years the number of U.S. ulcer patients has increased inexorably all through the country. Most of these ulcers are probably caused by an overproduction of gastric juice in the stomach so that not only is food digested but a bit of the stomach lining as well. Many patients can be treated by diet, surgical removal of the affected area or, most important, adjustment to a less stimulating environment. But others, like Norman Viale (*above*), are worse off. They cannot

relax, and they cannot adjust themselves to a less strenuous way of life. Since ulcers in such cases are often recurrent and do not respond to the usual treatment, a new approach had to be developed.

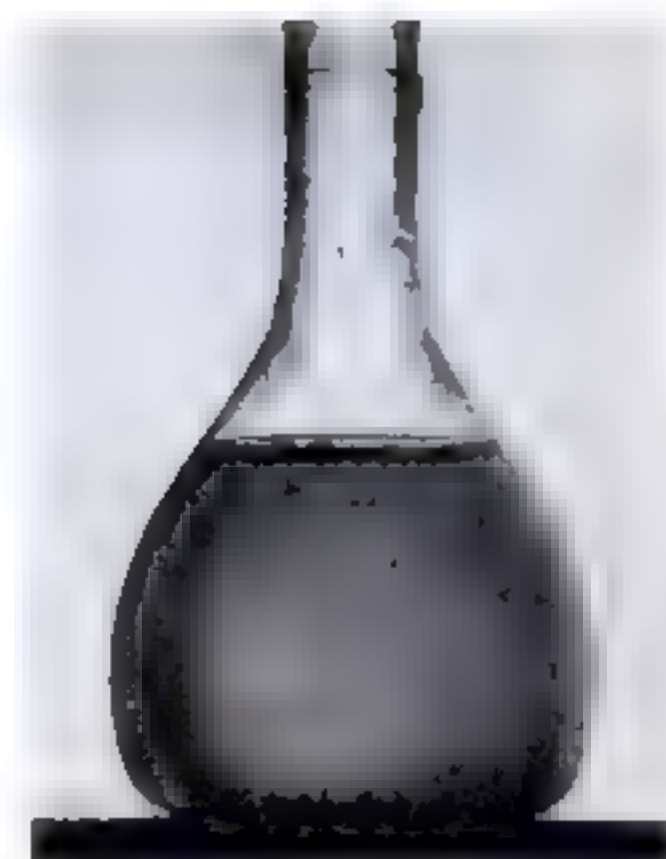
The man who has done this is Dr. Lester Dragstedt of the University of Chicago. He has perfected an operation, now performed by many surgeons, which breaks the chain of events producing the ulcer instead of treating the ulcer itself. How the operation does this is shown on the next page.



WHAT THE OPERATION DOES is shown in this drawing. Nerve impulses originate in the brain. From there they travel down the vagus nerves to the stomach and stimulate flow of gastric juice. By removing 2½ inches from each of the nerves, impulses are blocked from stomach.



LIVING TISSUE like that of stomach itself is put into bottle of gastric juice from ulcer patient Norman Vale.



AFTER 24 HOURS tissue is digested and only tiny fibers remain in bottle, showing potency of the gastric juice.

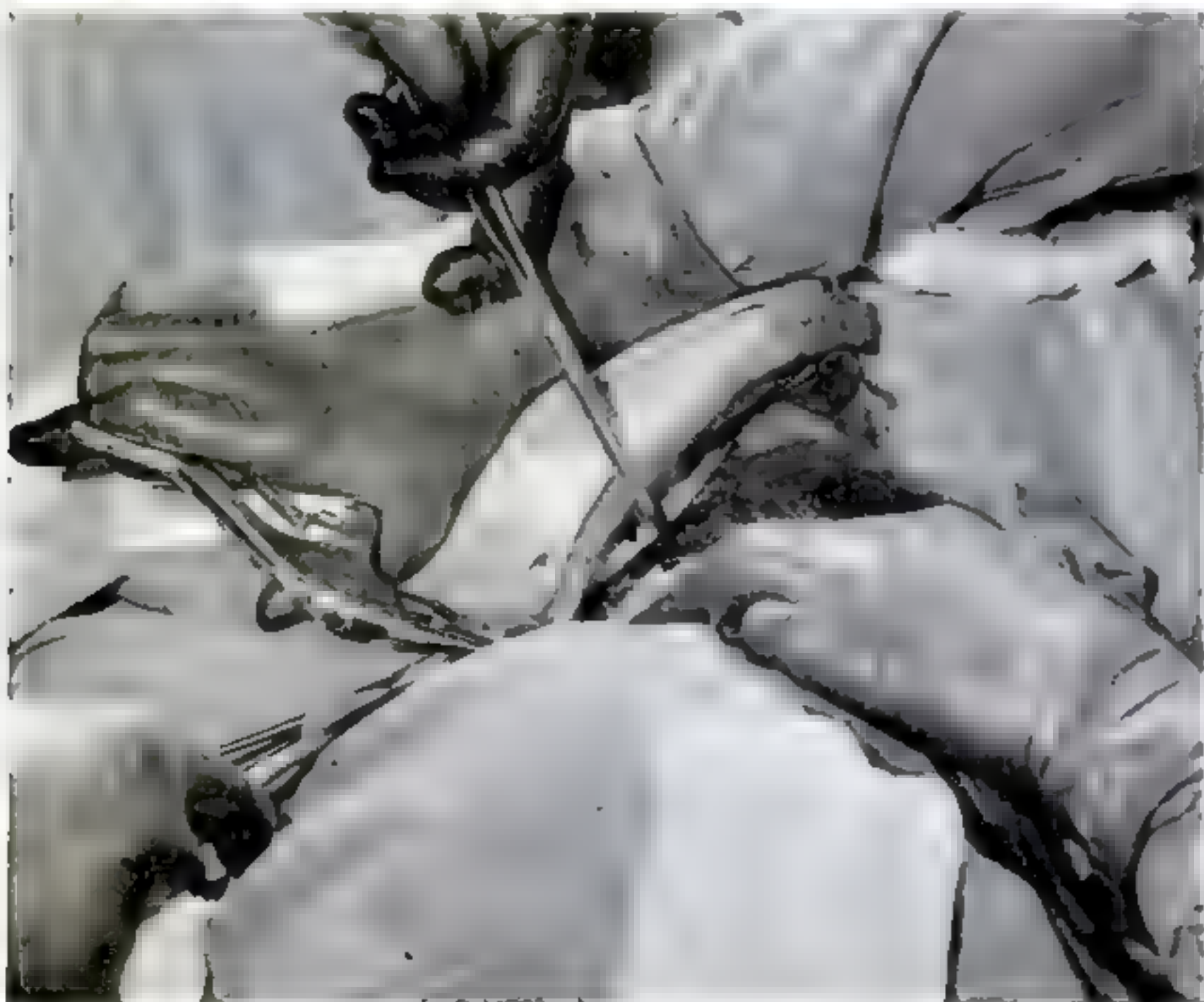
MAIN STOMACH NERVES ARE CUT TO STOP THE OVERSTIMULATION

Most chronic ulcer sufferers are highly nervous people. They respond readily and excessively to nearly anything which happens to them, and these responses increase the flow of gastric juice in their stomachs. And, as in the case of Flower Salesman Norman Vale, their gastric juice is highly acid (*above*). All this might not be serious except for the fact that the juice flows at night too, when the stomach is almost empty. Then it begins to eat away the stomach wall.

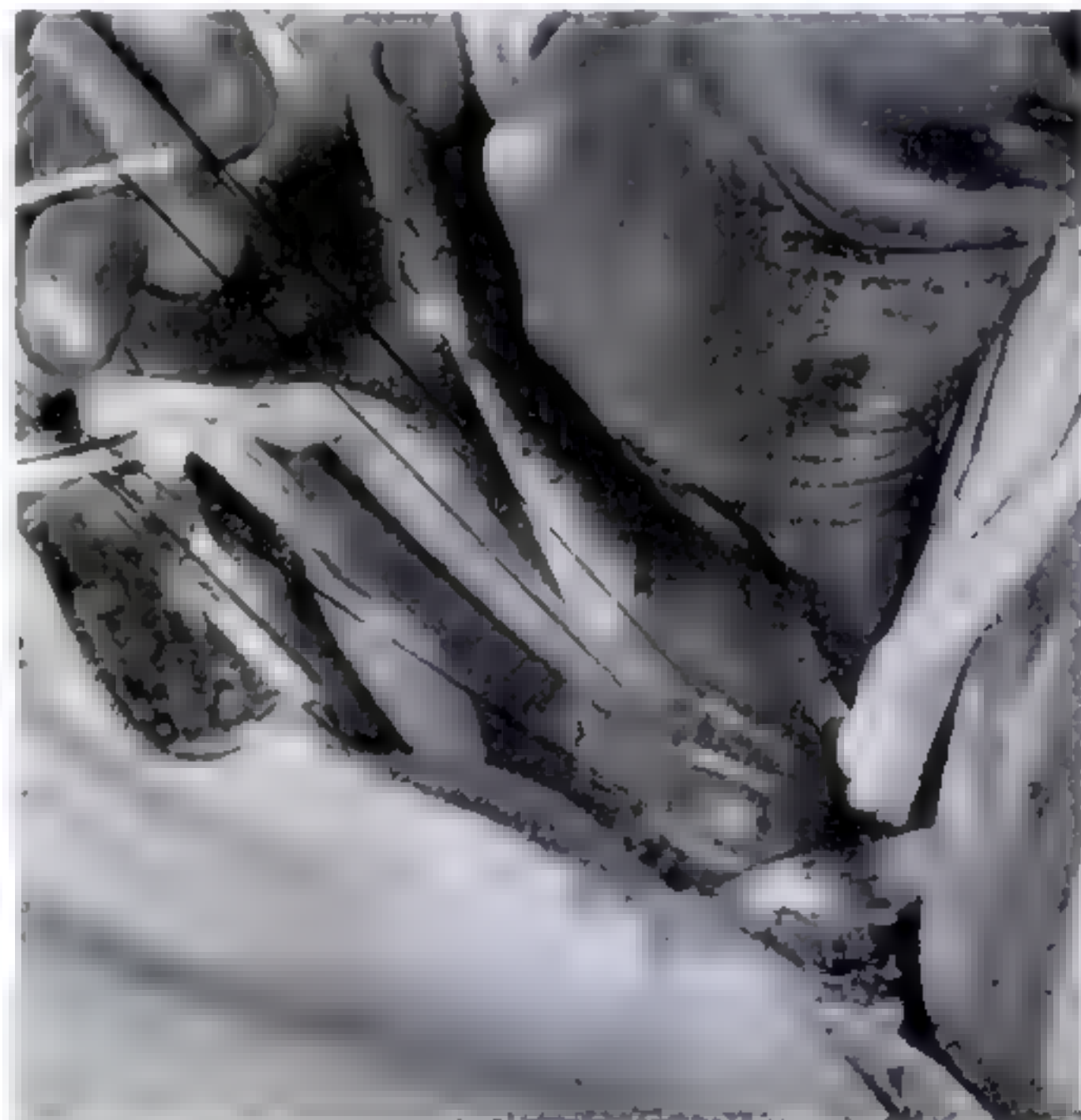
The excessive impulses which cause this increased flow of juice originate in the brain. From there they travel along two nerves, called vagus nerves, which run along the esophagus down to the stomach (*drawing at left*). When they reach the stomach the juice begins to flow. The new operation prevents this cause and effect by the simple process of cutting the nerves (*below*) that carry the impulses.

Following the operation the patient responds to his environment as nervously as he did before, and the impulses still leave his brain. But now the path to the stomach is blocked. The impulses never get there.

STEPS OF THE OPERATION



FIRST A RIB IS REMOVED from the patient's chest. This is necessary because the opening for the operation must be quite large, and spreading of ribs would cause injury to the patient. The old rib is not restored, but shortly afterward a new one begins to grow in to take its place.



NERVES ARE PULLED UPWARD by sutures (threads) after the opening has been made larger and the esophagus exposed. Sutures are slipped under the nerves (three strands of white tissue), isolating them so they can be cut.



AFTER THE OPERATION at The New York Hospital patient Viale produces a normal amount of gastric juice. Although this treatment is too new to judge it statistically it is highly promising, and failures are the exception.



NERVES ARE CUT with scissors. Vagus nerves not only stimulate gastric juice but help control muscular contractions of the stomach and upper intestine as well. These functions are briefly impaired until other nerves take over.

*You've got the
right number
if you...*



keep brushless with Barbasol

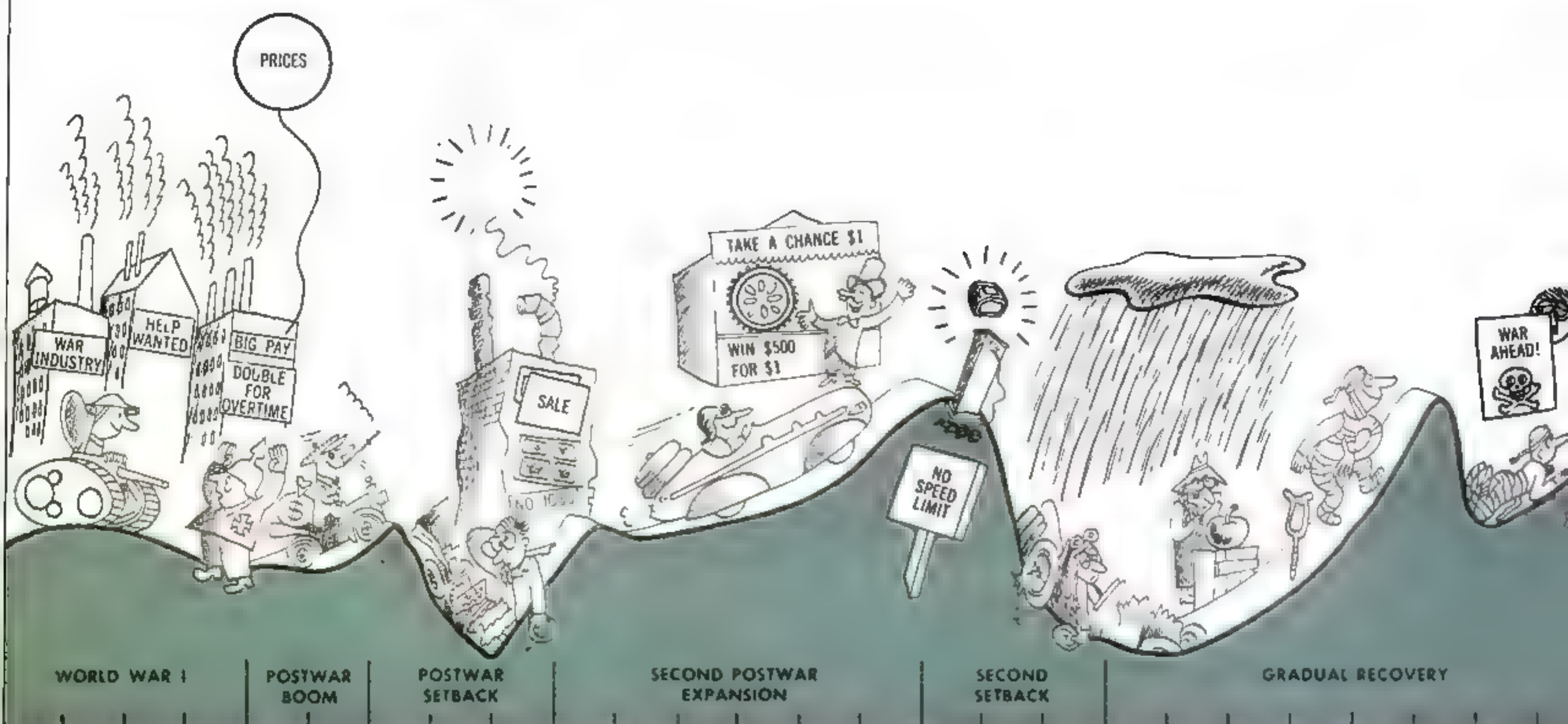
You get better results every way with Barbasol, because you get smoother, closer shaves with comfort. Barbasol takes the fight out of tough whiskers, but (unlike

soap lather) leaves the natural moisture in your skin — so it doesn't get raw or tight or dry. No wonder Barbasol outsells all other shave creams! Try it.



Use it also for soothing relief of windburn, chapping, chafing, itching.

TREND AFTER WORLD WAR I



PAST AND FUTURE as Economist Woytinsky sees them are shown by this graph of U.S. industrial production. Starting at left with 1915, the high wages of World War I—coupled with reduced production of civilian goods—created a pent-up demand which caused the boom of 1918-20. Then the inevitable adjustment of high prices caused

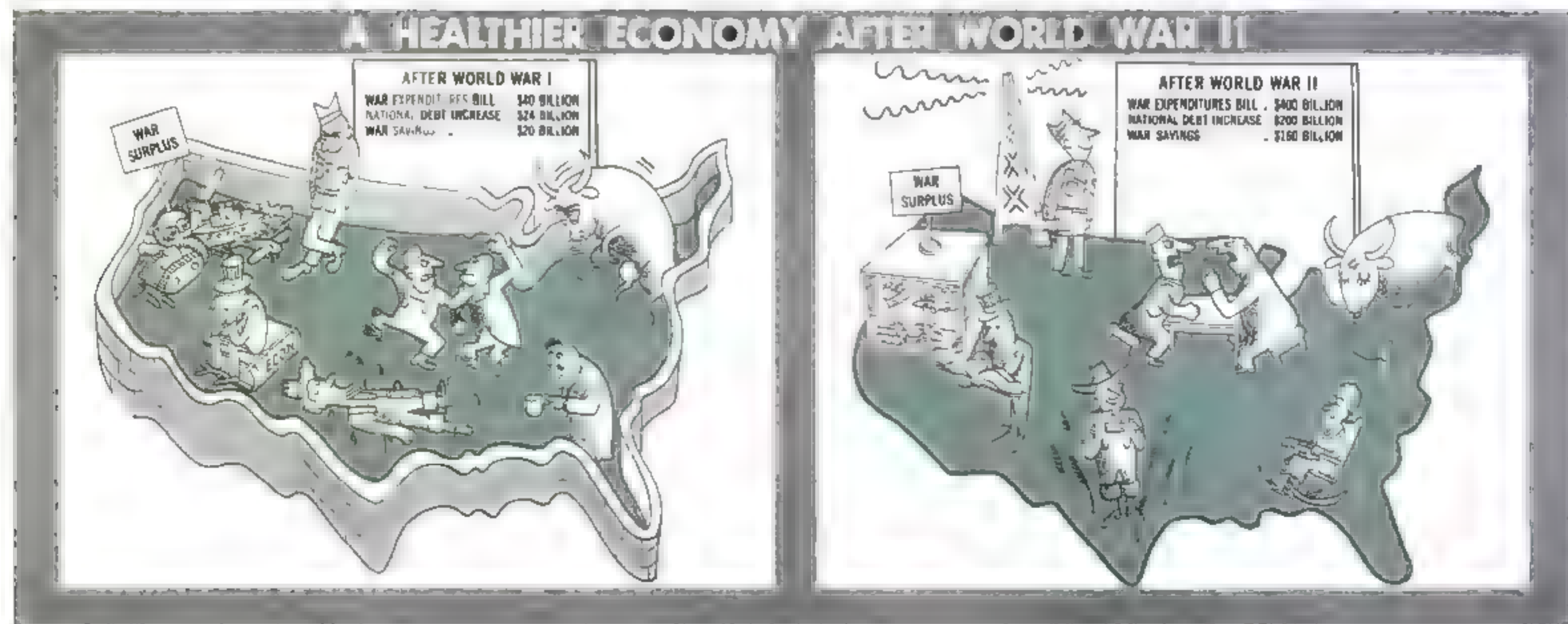
the 1921 postwar setback. In 1923, however, the "second postwar expansion" began as industry put new techniques into operation. Unfortunately the expansion of the '20s was highly speculative, ending in the deep depression and apple-selling of the early '30s. The nation was just throwing away its economic crutches when World War II began.



W. S. WOYTINSKY, who is Russian-born, is with 20th Century Fund.

PROSPERITY?

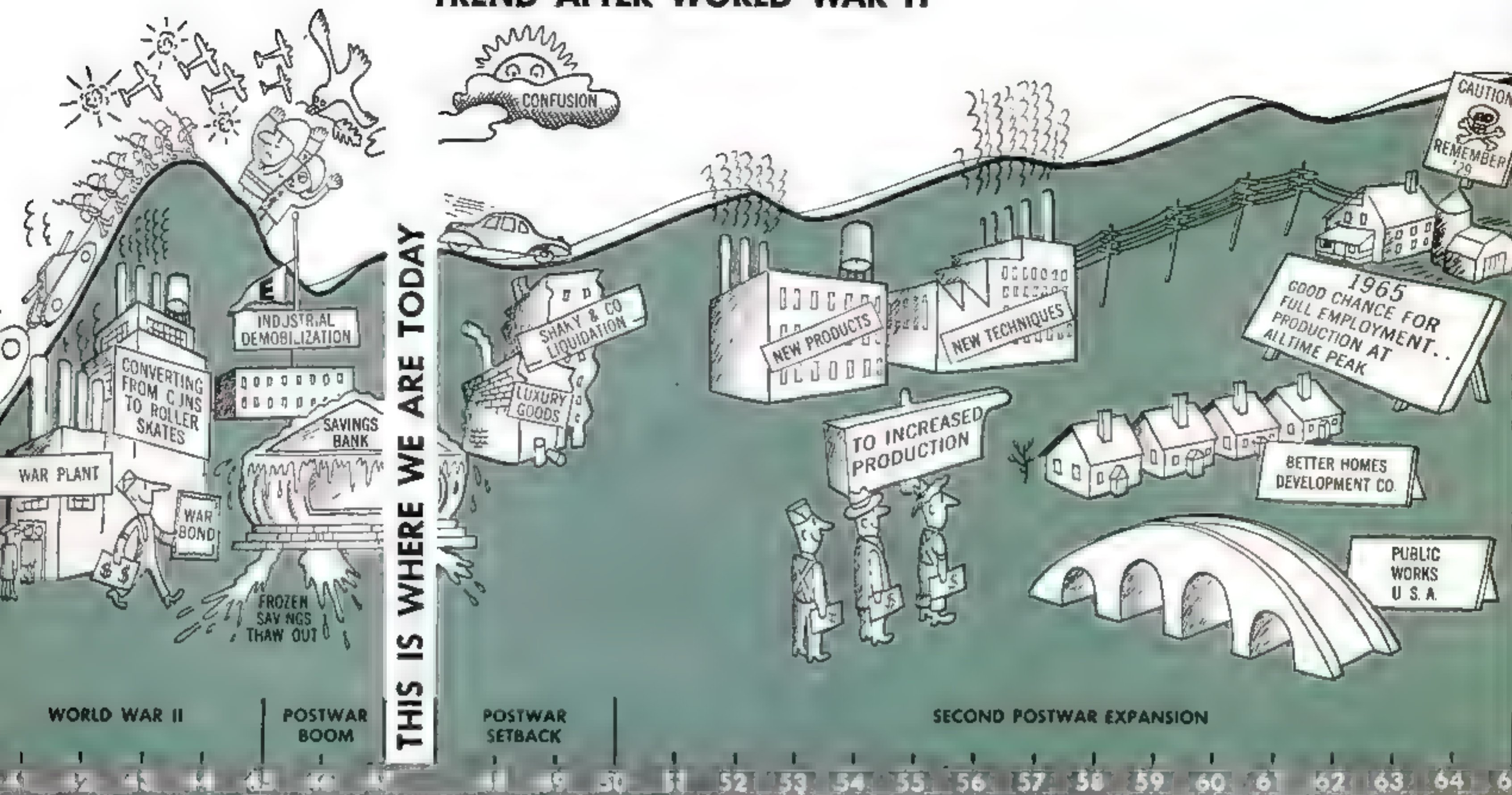
AN OPTIMISTIC EXPERT ON ECONOMICS, UNDISTURBED BY THE GLOOMY TALK OF INFLATION AND CRASH, FORECASTS A STEADY RISE IN PRODUCTION AND LIVING STANDARDS



AT END OF WORLD WAR I Army surplus was sold helter-skelter, veterans got no help, government paid little heed to science of economics, the farmer was flat on his back and management and labor at each other's throat. Old people had no security and stock market (bull) was unregulated. U.S. had withdrawn behind a wall of isolationism.

THIS TIME, says Woytinsky, surplus sales have been orderly, veterans are aided by GI Bill of Rights, government knows more economics. The farmer is prosperous and labor disputes are being settled in conference. Old folks get social security and the stock market is less violent. Moreover U.S. is active in world affairs, as radio tower denotes.

TREND AFTER WORLD WAR II



Repeating the pattern, once again the war produced great industrial activity (reaching its peak in '43), high wages and increased savings. At the end of the war consumer goods came back into the market, the savings thawed out and another postwar boom resulted. Today the nation is in the first stages of the liquidation of this boom and the correction

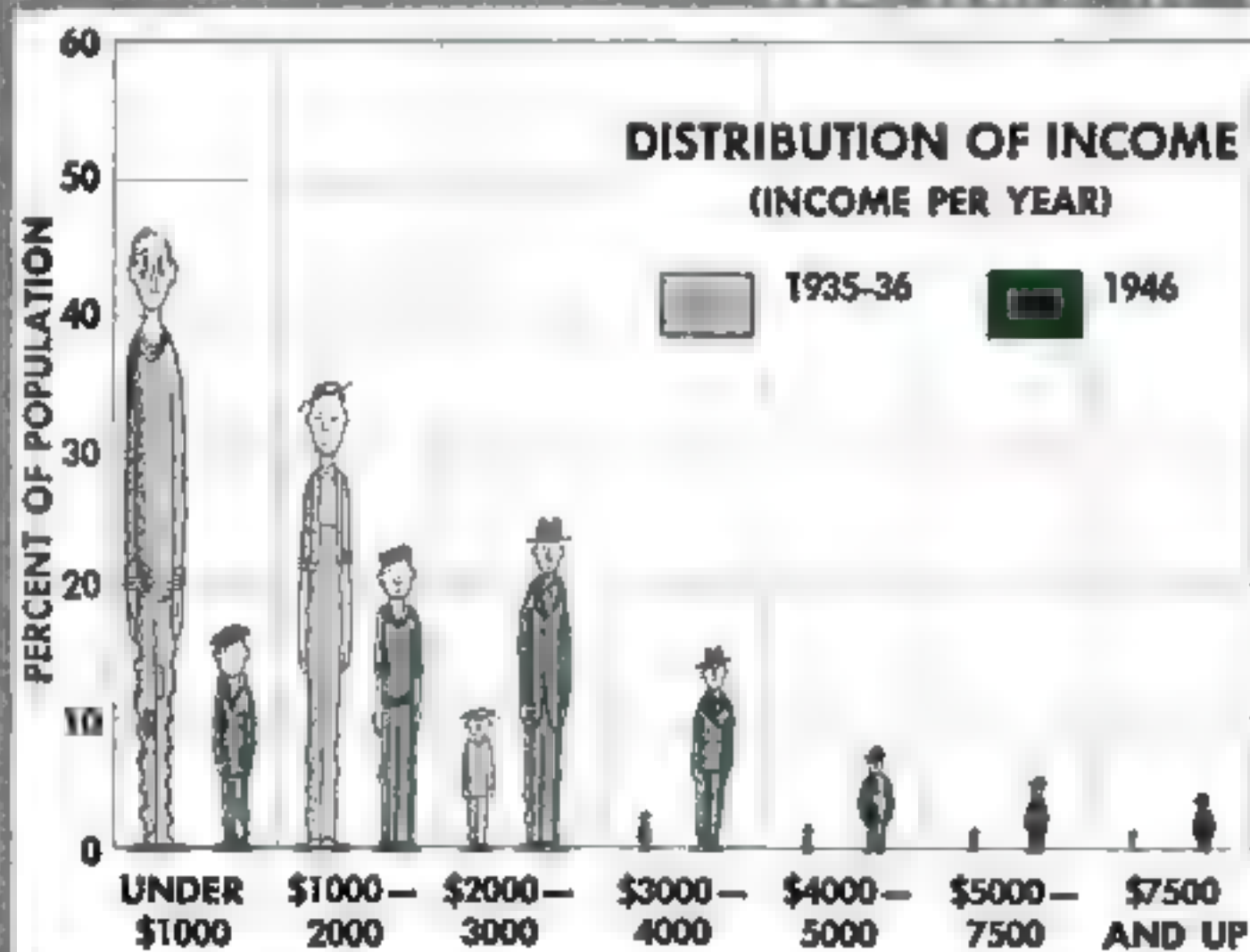
of over-high prices. The next two or three years will be times of confusion and occasional bankruptcies. But Woytinsky thinks that now the economy is in so much better shape (charts at bottom of these pages) that the postwar setback will cause little pain and that the second postwar expansion will proceed smoothly upward for perhaps two decades.

Because the U.S. had a brief but painful business panic in 1921, right after World War I, many economists have been waiting ever since V-J Day for the blow to fall again. Moreover it is a popular belief that even if the U.S. survives the blow and starts again on something like the prosperity of the '20s, an even worse depression than 1932 must inevitably follow. Now, in the face of these dire predictions, comes an economist named W.S. Woytinsky with the most hopeful and refreshing forecast heard in a long time.

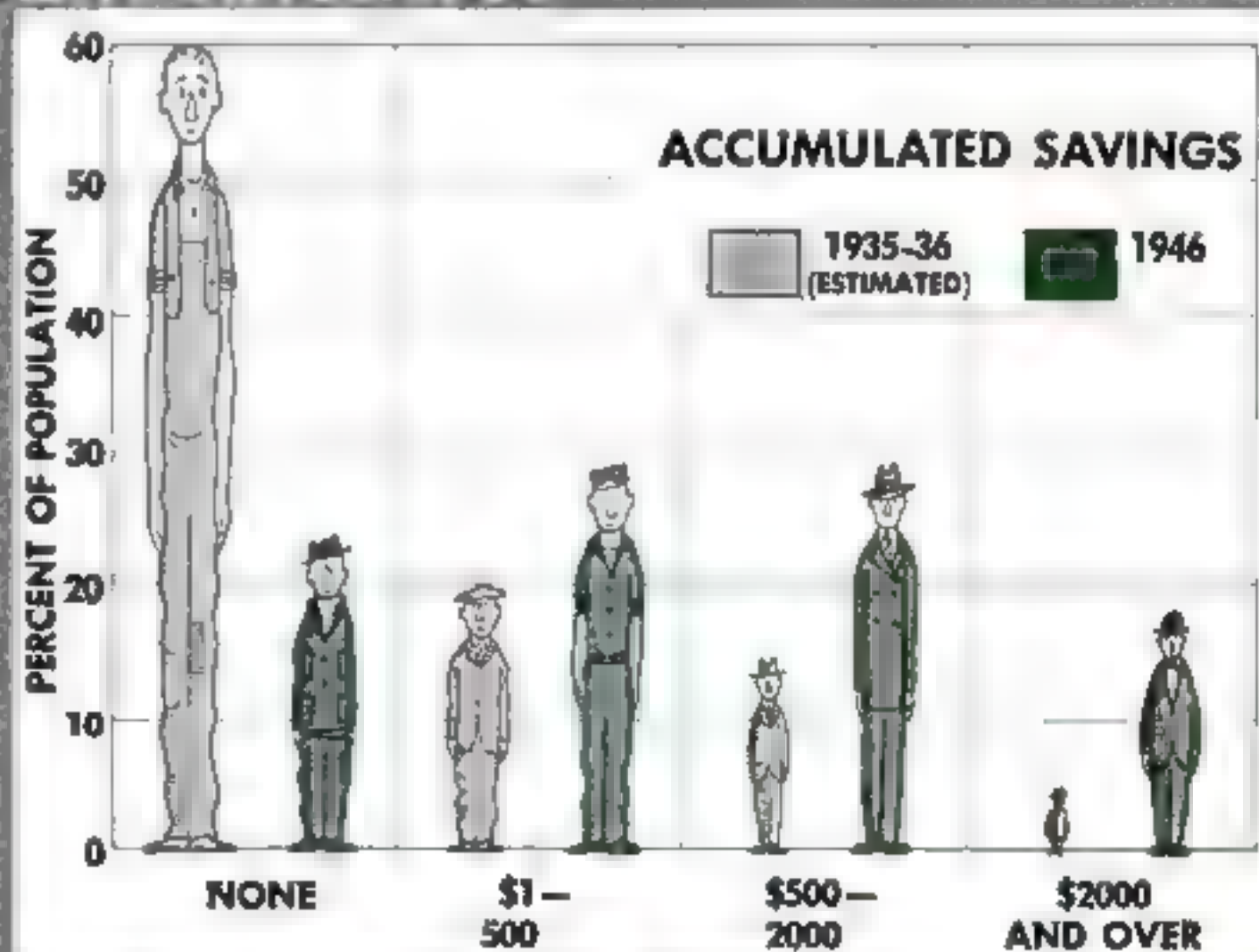
Woytinsky, who recently became a research director for the 20th Century Fund after working for the Social Security Administration, agrees that the pattern following World War I will be repeated—but this time with significant differences. In a recent series of articles in the *New Leader* he explains that the sharp slump of 1921 was caused by the sudden liquidation of the World War I economy; the U.S. was not in shape (drawing at far left, below) to convert from

war to peace the minute the Armistice was signed. This time the economy is much healthier (below, second from left) and purchasing power is more evenly distributed (two drawings below). The conversion from war production to peace began in 1943 and was well along by the time the war ended. Woytinsky believes that the postwar boom is being liquidated right now, without much pain and with only a minor amount of unemployment, which he does not expect to exceed 3,500,000 at any time in the next few years. Once the U.S. has ridden out this current "de-luxe depression," he believes, the way will be paved for a period of expansion. Improved management, new tools, new plants and new techniques will send production to record highs (chart above) and raise the standard of living beyond anything yet seen. Nor does he believe a great depression need necessarily follow. The depression of the '30s, he says, "has never been matched in any country and cannot be regarded as a standard or precedent."

THE SHIFT IN WEALTH SINCE 1936



BASE FOR PROSPERITY is found in statistics on U.S. incomes. In 1935-36 (gray figures) about 80% of all Americans earned less than \$2,000 a year. Note how number of people in these brackets today (green figures) has declined while number in all higher brackets has increased. Despite higher cost of living, the improvement is substantial.



CUSHION AGAINST DEPRESSION is provided by vastly increased savings. In 1935-36 about 60% of all Americans had no savings at all and were completely dependent on the next pay check. Today only 24% have no savings. About 29% have a cushion of \$1 to \$500, another 29% have \$500 to \$2,000 and 18% have more than \$2,000.

Give his tender skin your gentlest Care

IT'S REALLY THINNER THAN YOURS



Soft as the dream-dust in his sleepy eyes . . . that's how you think of your baby's skin. But you're practical about it, too.

You know his skin really is thinner than yours. So you struggle to keep your precious infant comfortably dry. And you are always careful that his diapers are rinsed free from irritating soap residue.

Are you just as careful in the selection of his bathroom tissue?

Choose Baby's Bathroom Tissue Wisely

To insure gentlest treatment for your tiny baby's thinner skin, look for three qualities in his bathroom tissue. Crushable softness . . . instant absorbency . . . and sufficient strength to eliminate tearing or shredding.

More mothers are finding this ideal combination of qualities in ScotTissue than in any other brand. ScotTissue has old linen softness, "thirsty fibre" absorbency—yet is firm enough for immaculate cleansing. It's ideal for baby's gossamer skin now—it will help in training him later.

Cut Down Diaper Laundering This Easy Way

For babies up to 6 months, crush 20 or more sheets of soft, absorbent ScotTissue and line the diapers with the fluffed-up tissue. You'll find you have less staining, fewer diapers to wash. Just flush away the soiled tissue.



ScotTissue is soft as old linen



MIAMI



GUESTS OF JANE FISHER, FIRST WIFE OF MIAMI BEACH'S FOUNDER, LOUL ABOUT THE POOL OF HER LAVISH BISCAYNE BAY HOME.

Babylon, U.S.A. gets set for its hectic hundred days

The big, red, door-to-curb carpet is out at Ciro's on Alton Road again. Truly Nolen, whose business is opening wealthy homes like that shown above for the season and closing them after it, has crews hard at work, zipping off furniture covers and dusting elegant rooms. New stocks of sport clothes, Panama hats and \$150 bathing suits are ready. Hotel cellars are filled with \$1-a-shot Scotch and \$2-a-pony brandy. The showgirls, newly arrived from Broadway,

are rehearsed in the varied routines they will use on night club floors and in chance meetings with thick-waisted gentlemen. The brilliant sun is as indolently warm, the water as invitingly blue as ever. Miami is ready for its yearly hundred days of pleasure—the season from Christmas to April.

To winterbound northerners Miami is more than a specific municipality—it is a sprawling, tropical Eldorado whose boundaries, fixed more

by emotion than geography, range from Coral Gables on the south to Hialeah on the north.

Despite its profligacy, ostentation and vocality—perhaps because of them—Miami each year manages to make some two million visitors feel so carefree that the extraction of \$2.00 million from their pockets for the experience is practically painless. On the next 11 pages LIFE portrays and attempts to analyze Miami and especially its crown jewel, Miami Beach



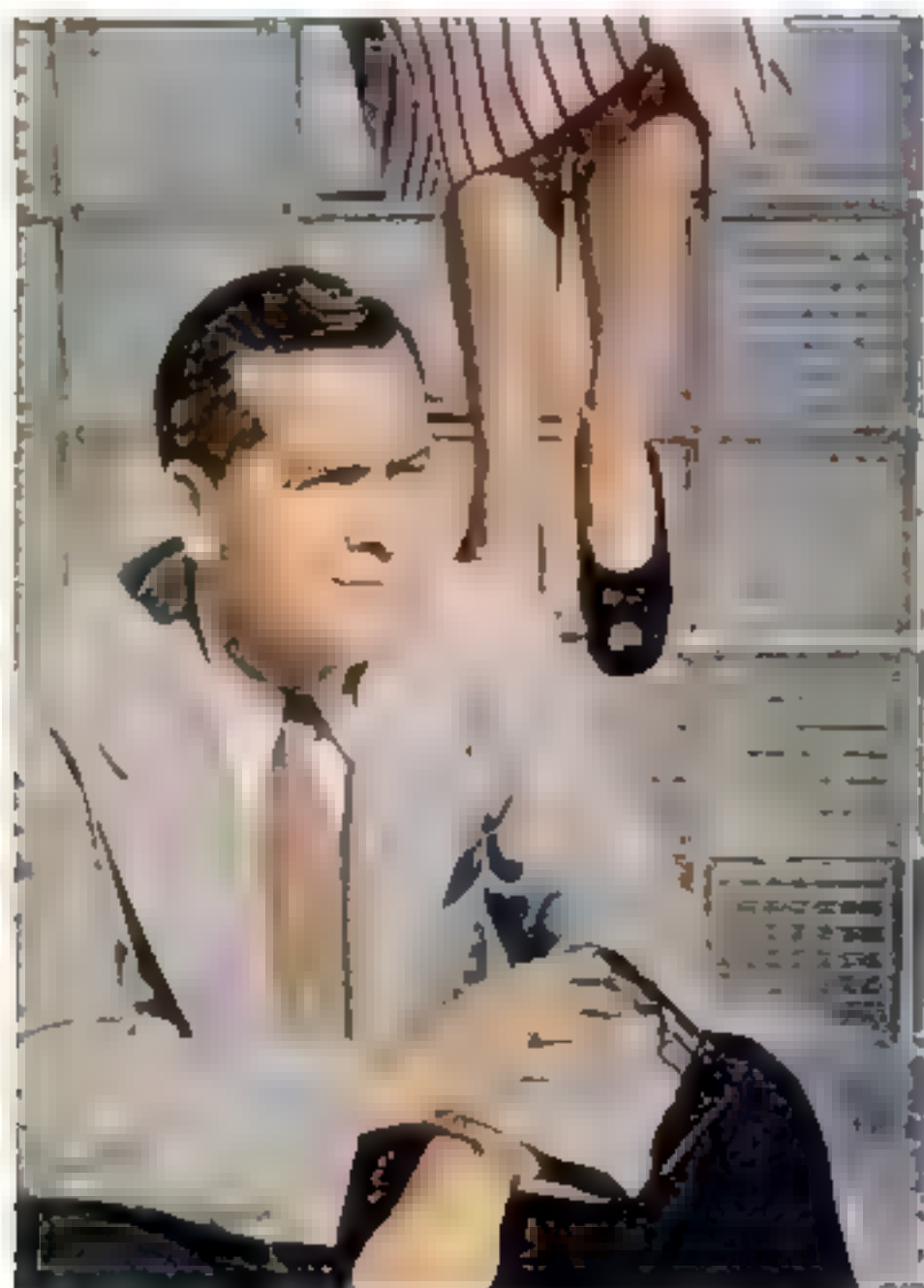
AT DUSK floodlights begin to illuminate the good-looking buildings of white, buff and pinkish stone which comprise Miami's skyline, and from the General

MacArthur Causeway the city looks like this. The biggest buildings (from left to right) are the Dade County Courthouse (with tower), the Huntington Building

PEOPLE

They are showy like the skyline

Either by day or by night (above) Miami and its environs present a fairy land appearance of pastel colors, glittering modernity, jewel box homes and light-hearted gaiety. This is no accident. From its inception 50 years ago Miami was promoted and designed to attract cats, dogs, people like those with money, and it has since heven to this line with unswerving devotion. Miami has perennially played host to a wide variety of celebrities, ranging from Winston Churchill, who went here to renew his health,



PRESS AGENT Tom Ferris, formerly with gaudy Miami Police Chief Hannagan, now has his own agency.



POLICEMAN Lucas Lamb represents Miami Beach law, which raids gambling only near the season's end.



ASTROLOGER A. F. Seward sells astrological readings or laxatives with equal aplomb.



Ingraham Building, which partly obscures the taller duPont Building behind it, the Congress Building, the Pacific Building, the darker McAllister and Columbus Ho-

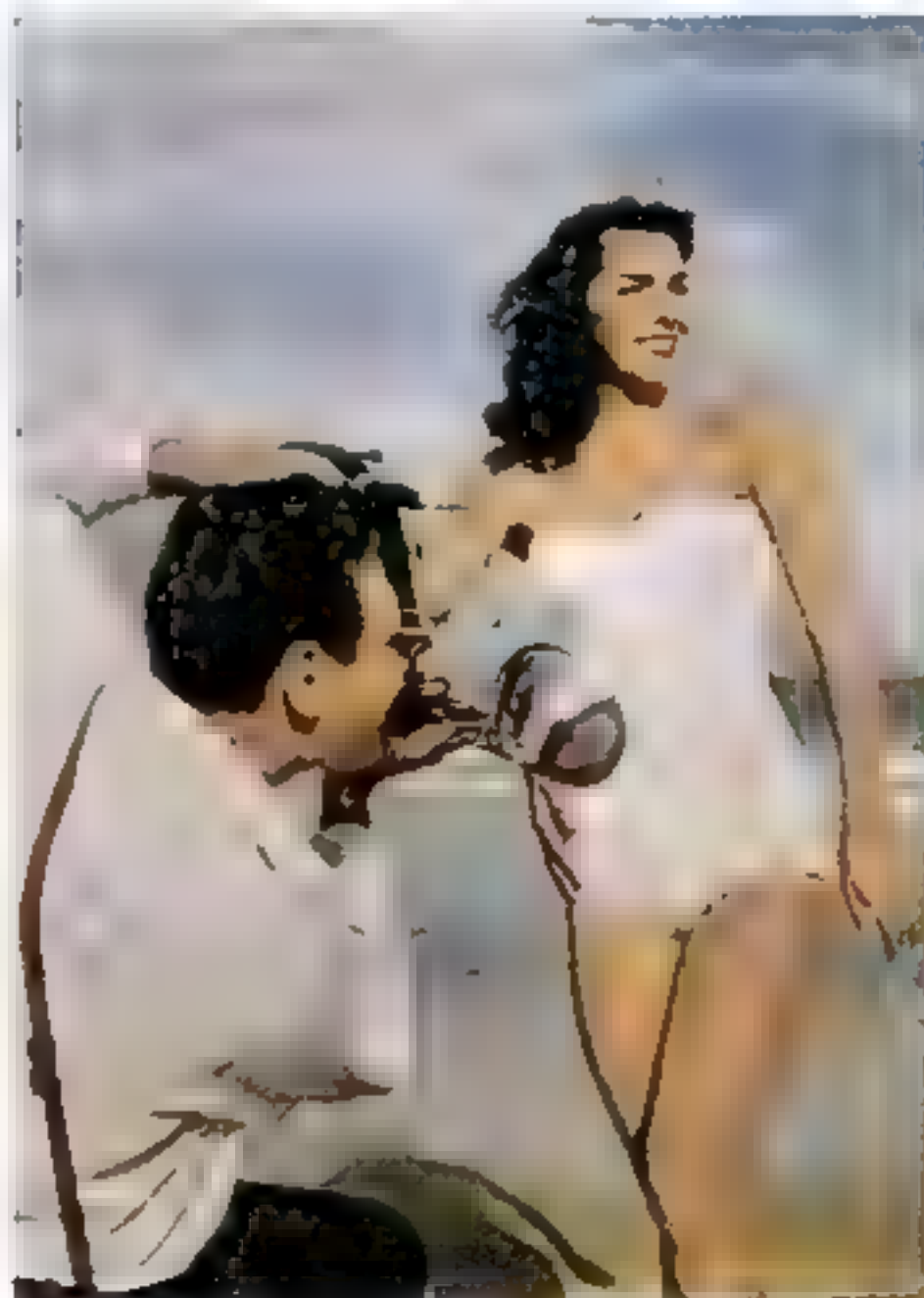
tels, the Miami Colonial Hotel, the Everglades Hotel (topped by brightly lit tower) and (darker buildings at right) the Alcazar Hotel and the Miami Daily News Tower.

Al Capone, who went there to die. Each winter it becomes the mecca for stage stars, songwriters, playboys, playgirls, labor leaders, big-money executives and big-money gamblers. There it offers an impressive menu of *divertissement*: horse racing, dog racing, swimming, deep-sea fishing, shopping, sunbathing, gambling, nightclubbing, astrology, speedboating (sailing, being more strenuous, is not so popular), many, many pretty girls and a climate which insures "359 warm, sunny days out of 365." Busy

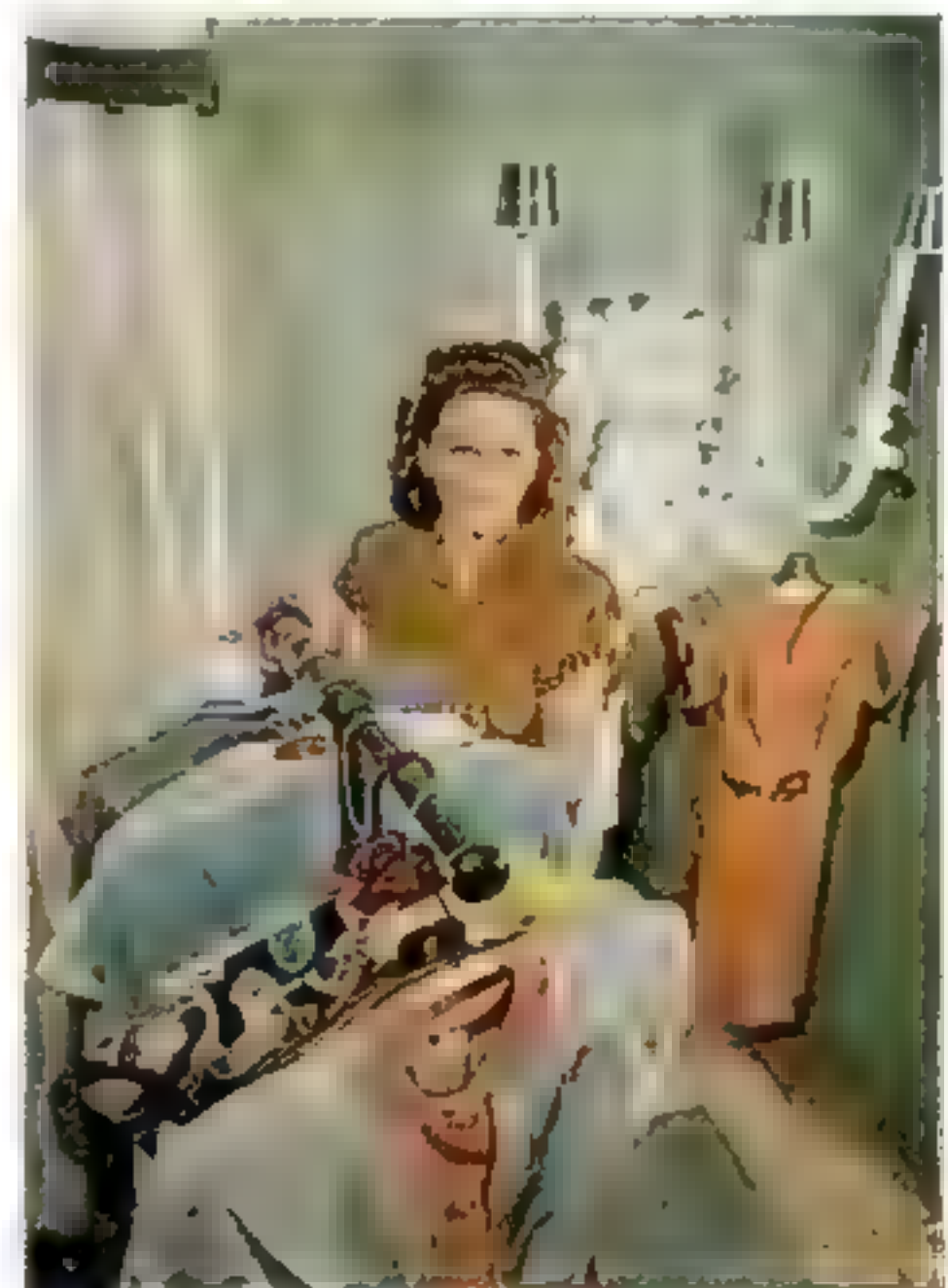
selling these wares by means of press agents and bathing beauties, it is small wonder that up to now Miami has had little time for slum clearance (one-sixth of the population lives in a feud one half square mile of the 16-square-mile city), sewage disposal (raw sewage has thoroughly polluted Biscayne Bay), adequate food inspection or hospital facilities. This outward show and inner spuriousness is epitomized in the case of Miss Miami Beach of 1947 (*below*). She actually comes from Boston.



BACHELOR Roy Evans made a fortune in autos, now plays polo, tennis, lives on yacht.



MODEL Pepper Donna, Miss Miami Beach of 1947, poses for the type of picture that made Miami famous.



SHOPKEEPER Margaret Newman specializes in women's slack suits at \$39 to \$49 in her Lincoln Road shop.



POOLS

Life centers around them but not in them

Miami Beach, the Gold Coast of Miami and technically a separate city, is a 10-mile sandbar connected with the mainland by causeways over Biscayne Bay. Its social life—it has almost no other kind—centers around the swimming pool. Many of the big houses and almost all the expensive hotels have pools. They also own big stretches of the magnificent white beaches on which they front, a fact which makes it somewhat difficult for the common man to go swimming at Miami Beach.

Miami Beach residents breakfast, lunch and sometimes dine on terraces edging their pools (*below*). They read there, doze there and sunbathe there. They play gin rummy, drink *apéritifs* and gossip alongside their pools. Sometimes they even swim in them.

This nonaquatic trend is even more noticeable around the Miami Beach hotels. The distasteful side of hotel life, with typical Miamian regard for appearance, tends to make itself up with enormous care; a single dive could ruin hours of work before the dressing table and many dollars' worth of facials. Still another reason is that in Miami Beach the bathing suit is worn to cocktail parties, lunches, dances and on the street, and has been sublimated accordingly. It may be some little thing of pure silk costing only \$15, but it may also be a creation of gold-trimmed velvet or sequins and ermine at \$145. In any case it must not get wet.

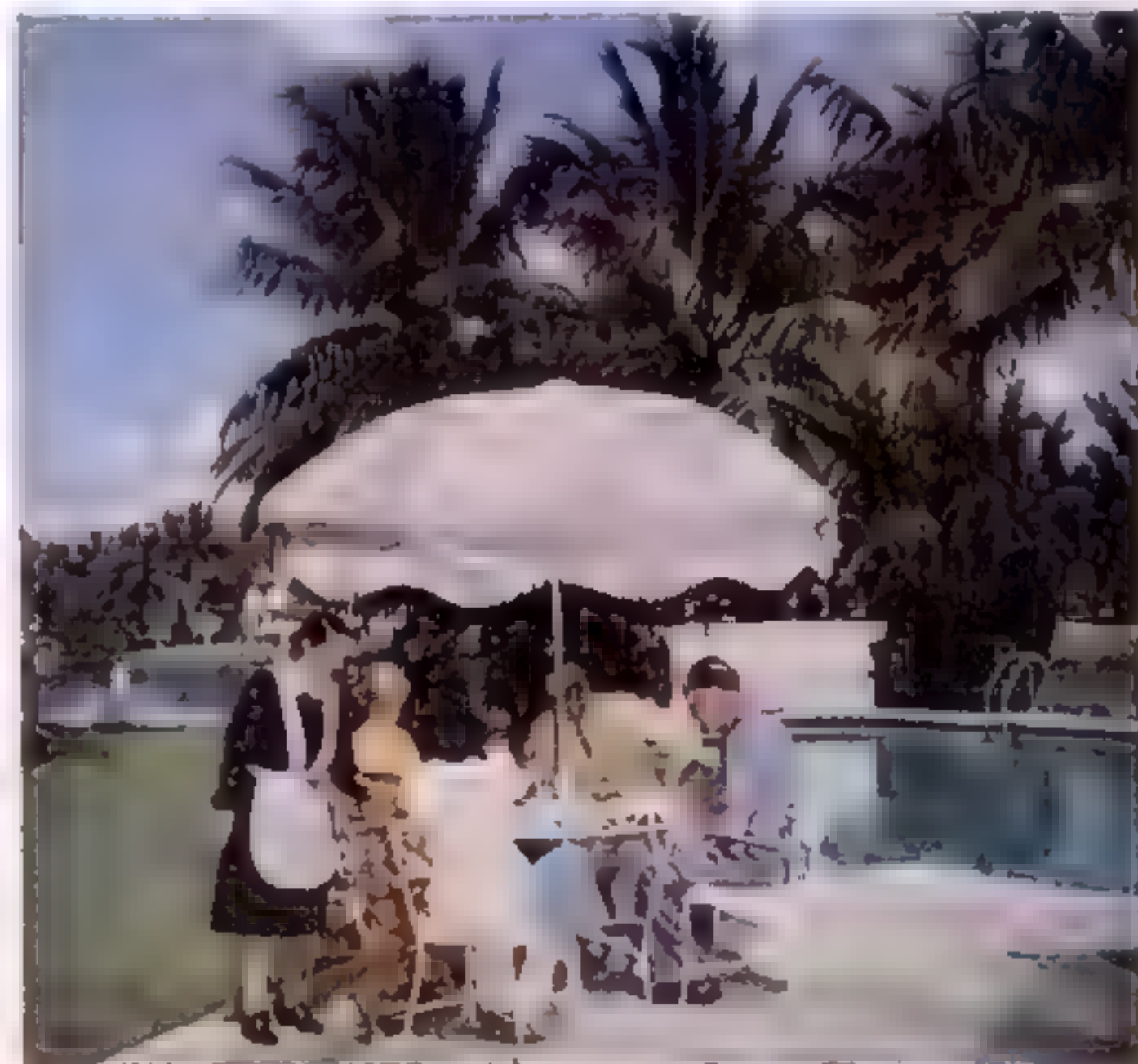
Nonetheless the presence of so many pools, and of so many scantily attired people, all pursuing the common goal of pleasure, is a major factor in giving Miami Beach its atmosphere, unique in the U.S., of uninhibited paganism.

SUNBATHING on the edge of the Hotel Martini-que pool is Lois Shulder (*foreground*) and her

a guest has a drink. In the *background* are the sun-umbrella La France restaurant where others lounge.



BREAKFASTING on balcony overlooking pool of their beach home are the Walter L. Richards. Building at rear is a playhouse with bar and dressing rooms.



AFTERNOON ENTERTAINING finds the Richards at pool's edge. At night 1,000-watt bulbs illuminate the pool. Richard is an authority on gin rummy.



MANY LOUNGERS but only a few swimmers avail themselves of the Hotel Raleigh's pool, and surrounding terraces, which have been used in the past for movie

backgrounds. The pool is 45 x 85 feet and 9 feet deep at its deepest end. The hotel's ocean-front cabanas rent for \$100 a week in season or as low as \$3 a day.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



BREAKFAST IN BED starts Kay Daumit's day in her home on Golden Beach, a particularly golden part of the Gold Coast. She makes Forever Amber perfume.

HOMES

They are some of the world's most magnificent and costly residences

The Miami visitor with a hundred or so dollars in his pocket must be content with life in a boarding house. The affluent vacationer stays at a fancy Miami Beach hotel. The very rich owns his own opulent beach residence. Such winter homes run heavily to picture windows overlooking the sea, playrooms, patios, terraces, small but well-stocked bars, fireplaces, guest cabanas and staffs of servants. Built primarily for lazy relaxation and the entertainment of the owner and his friends, these houses are in fact pleasure domes of a luxuriance that would make Kubla Khan ashamed of Xanadu.

The home of the Harry Daumits (*right*), costing more than \$215,000, is a notable example. Besides a 50-foot pool it has such features as a two-unit cabana for guests, an 18-foot by 12-foot room couch and a special counter in the kitchen for midnight snacks. Here, assisted by servants, the Daumits entertain in the Miami Beach manner—frequent, small, gay cocktail parties or dinners. From here they make occasional excursions, to Lincoln Road shops for clothes (no Miami Beach resident ever has enough), to friends' homes, to the golf course, or to Bimini for deep-sea fishing.

THE DAUMIT HOUSE, like so many Miami Beach residences, is of concrete-block stucco. By day it is bright with tropical plantings. By night it is ablaze with light: floodlights turn on automatically when a car drives into the grounds; the pool is lit from beneath and the beach can be illuminated for swimming parties.







MRS. FISHER (in chair), who wrote *Fabulous Hoosier* about her ex-husband Carl, chats with friends by her pool. Swimmer (background) grabs for canapé.



THE RICHARD K. LACKEYS—he is a retired department-store executive—dine in the stately dining room of their antique-filled home on Golden Beach.



THE JULIO SANCHEZES entertain 125 guests on their wedding anniversary among the palm trees of their Sunset Island home. Sanchez is a wealthy Cuban



HARRY DAUMIT, who runs cosmetic firm with wife, makes drinks for Mrs. Buddy Rich (left), wife of band leader, Olivia Ames, Jim Boyd (ex-Miss Miami Beach).



sugar planter, many of whom come to Miami Beach for the season. His anniversary gifts included a bottle of 1811 brandy. The guests listened to soft music, ate fried

chicken and baked ham, admired the Sanchez grape arbor and lime trees and were served drinks by Carl, a local bartender regarded as indispensable for big parties.



THE RAY DODGES have a cocktail on their commodious houseboat. Dodge manufactures sporting trophies. His wife is among the beach's popular matrons.



ERNEST BREECH, Ford vice president (seated left), is a guest of the Lackeys in their picturesque game room. The fireplace has an electrically operated spit.



HANGING BALCONIES jut from upper rooms of the Shelburne Hotel on Miami Beach's Collins Avenue. Considerable hotel trade comes from divorce-seekers.



MIAMI BEACH HOTELS include (from left) National, Ritz, Shelburne, Crown and Yorker. The Roney Plaza (highest tower), Wolford, Traymore and Seaside.

HOTELS

Their appearance is impressive and so are their customers' bills

When President-elect Warren G. Harding visited Miami Beach in 1921 to play golf, the caddy assigned to him was a snail-digger named Rosie. This extravagant expenditure of power surprised him, for in a place where vacationists can spend \$1,500 a week in a \$2 million section of the races on a good day during the season, no single sport is this extravagant. He better illustrated than in Miami's hotels. The lushness of Miami Beach, opulent pins of glass and stone with dramatic balconies, ornate bay windows, and melodramatic fountains, actually spend little time in their rooms, preferring to be in the hotel's garden, in the clubhouse or at the track. Fortunately Miami hotels are so lambent that it induces a pleasant ignorance when it comes to the \$20 to \$10-a-day rates in the good hotels seem like the cost of a hotel in New York or even



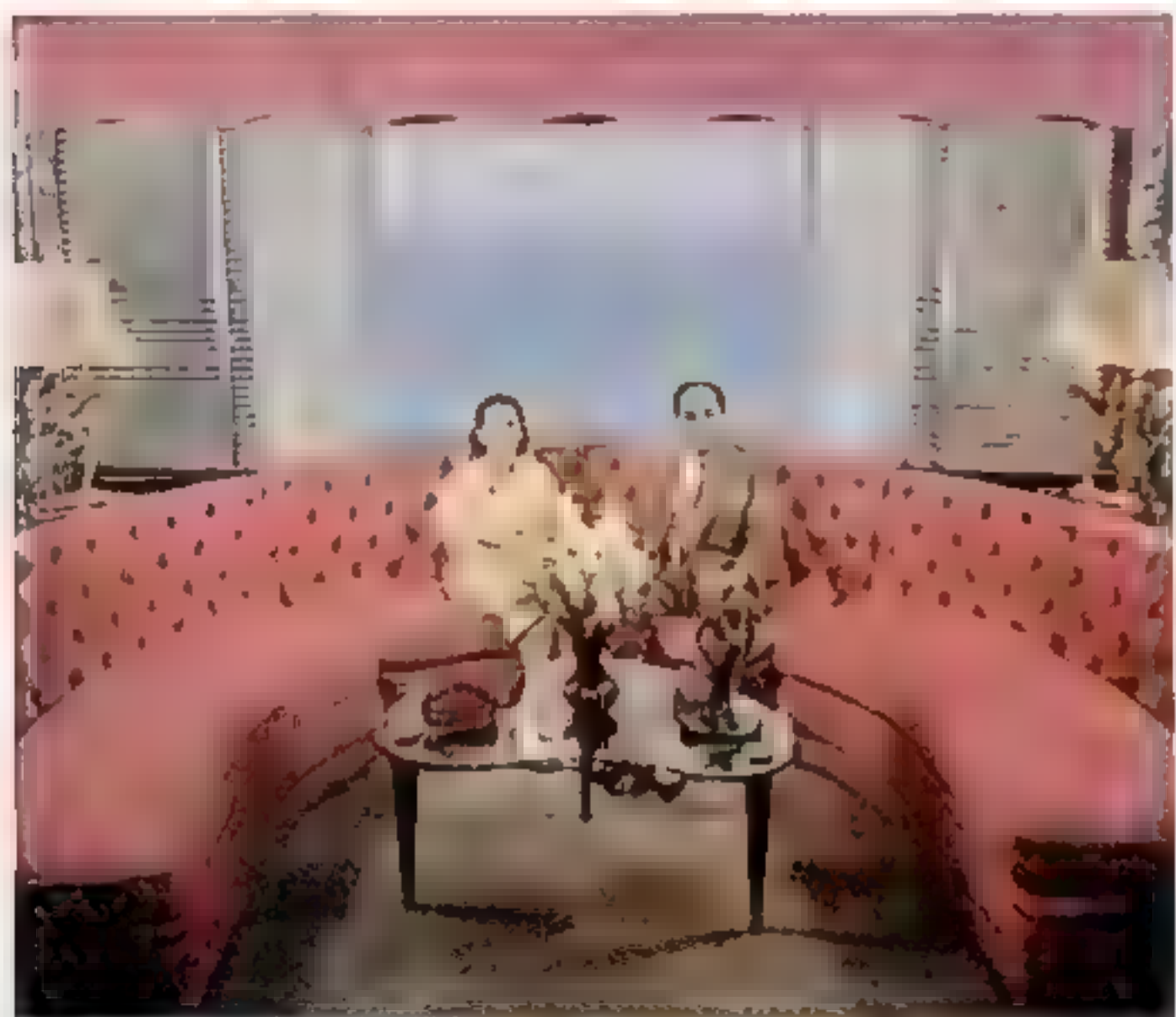
IN A ROOM at the Martinique Hotel, New York Dr. Debra J. Debra, who paints for a hobby, works on a portrait of Jawahar. Wife and son are snuggled.



be. In addition to the customary services, many beach hotels offer one rather unusual amenity: butts. In fact, butts are accepted as *de rigueur* at most of the lobby cigar stands.



MAXIM'S is a popular resort. Some beach hotels are effluently sprayed with perfume. This does not restrain virile patrons' tendencies toward fistbumps.



HOTEL OWNER Charles Cohen and his wife occupy swank penthouse atop his air-conditioned Martinique, Miami Beach's newest hotel. It cost \$2,200,000.



HOTEL RALEIGH TERRACE is a comfortable place for guests like Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sokolik of St. Louis to enjoy the soft air (winter mean temperature: 68°)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



YEAR-ROUND MIAMI BEACH RESIDENT is "Ban-" (Mrs. Dana Gibson) Noble, former model (Camela, Tabu perfume) who flies often and has an instruc-

tor's rating. Map skirt is manufactured in Miami. Quite a few winter residents own amphibian planes which they fly to Cat Cay, Nassau, Havana and back home.

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE WEEK



"THE VELVET TOUCH"

ROSALIND RUSSELL, Dudley Nichols (right), writer-director, and Frederick Brisson, executive producer, are partners in new producing company, Independent Artists, Inc. Here you see them selecting trademark. *The Velvet Touch*, starring Miss Russell, is company's first film.



"GOOD SAM"

LOVELY LADY in a pensive mood. **ANN SHERIDAN**, who stars with **GARY COOPER** in Leo McCarey's *Good Sam*, poses in one of the glamorous gowns she wears in this gay comedy. Story tells of a too-good samaritan who forgets that charity begins at home. A Rainbow Production.



"YOUR RED WAGON"

BRIEF HAPPINESS follows hasty marriage as teen-age law evaders, **CATHY O'DONNELL** and **FARLEY GRANGER** escape to woodland hideout. Scene from RKO's *Your Red Wagon*, touching story of youth's trials, errors in chaotic world. **HOWARD DA SILVA** co-stars.



"BERLIN EXPRESS"

FIRST American motion picture filmed in Germany since the war is RKO's *Berlin Express*, which stars **MERLE OBERON**, **ROBERT RYAN**, **CHARLES KORVIN**, **PAUL LUKAS**. Here Miss Oberon and co-workers are seen in Frankfurt. Workings of anti-occupation forces motivate story.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL
SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE





"I'M AN EXTRA-BRICKLER GIRL," sings Robert Myhrum, attended by two other easygoing ladies, in a mildly bawdy number from the current Hasty Pudding

Club show, *Here's the Pitch*. Show is a gay '90s romp with terrible jokes and raucous songs, and plenty of chance for the cast to swish bustles and talk like Mae West.



ROBERT BENCHLEY (standing), humorist was Mayme, a hairdresser, in 1911 show, *Crystal Gazer*.



GEORGE SANTAYANA (left), poet philosopher, was fastidious Lady Elfrida in 1986 show, *Robin Hood*.



JOSEPH GREW, former U.S. ambassador to Japan and Under Secretary of State, was in *Hi Ki Ya*, 1902.



THREE BALLERINAS appeared in an 1863 show and created a minor sensation in conservative Boston.



THREE DECADES LATER ballet trio (l. to r., John Warren, Amos Mason, George Shattuck) posed again.



TWO DECADES LATER, 1912, ballerinas posed again. They were all prominent doctors and friends.

HASTY PUDDING CENTENNIAL

Harvard's dramatic group puts on its 100th show and recalls how its illustrious members used to cut up

The honored and frivolous American male custom of dressing up as girls to put on a show was happily adopted a century ago in the august precincts of Harvard University. There in 1844 the Hasty Pudding Club made its first theatrical production, a burlesque called *Bombastes Furioso*, and ever since, skipping a few war years, the Pudding show has been an annual spree. This winter the club is celebrating its 100th production by sending a

musical show on a tour of six cities, and by proudly recalling its past glories. As shown in the snapshots on these pages, taken from the club's scrapbooks, many of Harvard's most illustrious graduates, from Santayana to Benchley, have in their day donned wig and false bosom in the interest of undergraduate hilarity.

The Hasty Pudding Club insists it is the oldest dramatic group in America and third oldest in the

world (older: *Comédie Française* in Paris, *Passion Players* of Oberammergau, Germany). The club began when undergraduates gathered in each other's rooms to put on mock trials. By 1844 they had developed into real theatricals. As a special treat at early meetings some hungry members used to stir up a corn-meal concoction called hasty pudding (p. 47). Today most of the 800 members have tasted the pudding, not from hunger but from sentiment.



"PUTZI" HANFSTAENGL (left). Hitler's press agent, was Gretchen Spootsfeiffer in *Fate Fakars*, 1908.



J. P. SPANG, president of Gillette Safety Razor Co., played Sadie, a waitress, in *The Fattest Calf*, 1915.



JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN, financier, was the manager in 1889 for *The Duenna*, which lost money.

PROVED!

**(SMOOTHER,
MORE
COMFORTABLE
SHAVES**

**For 3 Men
out of every 4**

**The Palmolive
Brushless Way!**

THE PROOF! 1297 men tested the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way, and—no matter how they shaved before—reported these results:

BEARDS EASIER TO CUT	79%
LESS RAZOR PULL	75%
CLOSER SHAVES	69%
SMOOTHER FEELING SKIN	82%

**Yes, Smoother, More Comfortable
Shaves For 3 Men Out of Every 4**

Here's all you do:

1. Wash face with soap and water. Rinse! 2. Soap face again. Do not rinse! 3. Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard. This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect! Then, shave!



Get a Giant Tube
or Big 9-oz. Jar Today!

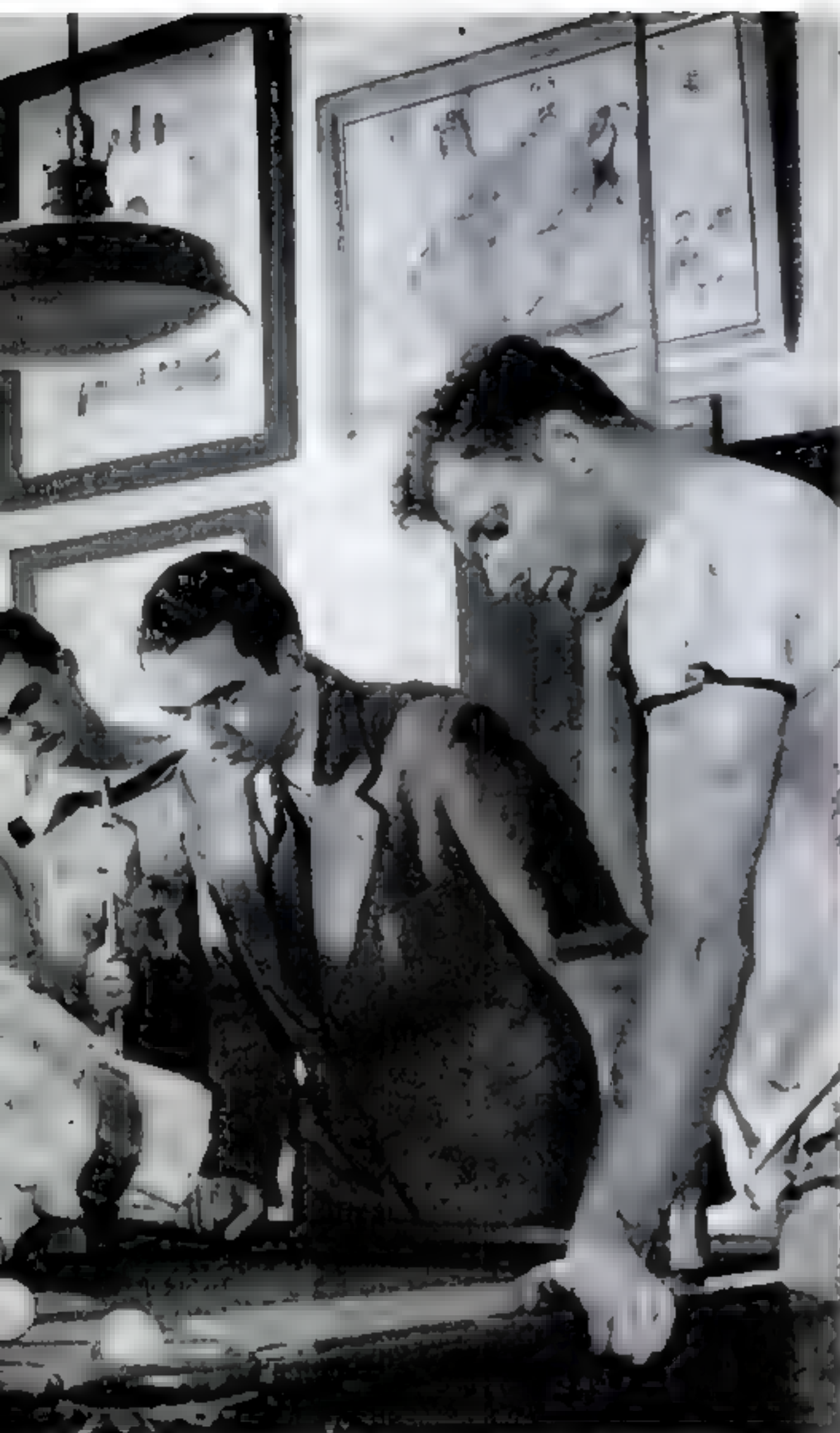
Hasty Pudding Centennial CONTINUED



DURING REHEARSALS members of the *Here's the Pitch* cast shoot a game of pool in their clubhouse. A three-story edifice which serves also as



J. P. MORGAN'S GRANDSON, Miles Morgan, a sophomore, picks up trash after rehearsals. He is an assistant stage manager and a general clean-up man.



a social club, it contains a small theater, library, dining hall and no end of memorabilia. Any student who gets a part in the show is eligible for club.



HASTY PUDDINGS are cooked by club chef for members' guests. The puddings contain corn meal, ginger, nutmeg, milk, eggs, water, molasses and butter.

Meet the Miracle Miss!

The effect of the kissin' she's dishin'

Beats an atom

At moment of fission!

She's a ton of uranium

Split on your cranium...

This Miss with

The miracle mission

GODDARD

It's
Hilarious.
It's Lyrical—
A Comedy
Miracle!

PAULETTE

GODDARD

JAMES

STEWART

HENRY

FONDA

DOROTHY

LAMOUR

FRED

MacMURRAY

BURGESS

MEREDITH

VICTOR

MOORE

HARRY

JAMES

Benedict Bogeaus'

**A
MIRACLE
CAN
HAPPEN**

with William Demarest-Hugh Herbert

Eduardo Ciannelli-Charles D. Brown

and Dorothy Ford • Carl Switzer • Erlene Janssen •

Betty Caldwell • Frank Maron • David Wharf

Screenplay by *Leontessa Stallings* and *Toni Brodsky*

Original Story by *Arch Oboler*

James Stewart • Henry Fonda appear by *John C. Hara*

Produced by **BENEDICT BOGEAUS** and **BURGESS MEREDITH**

Directed by *King Vidor* and *Leslie Fenton*

Released thru **UNITED ARTISTS**

...and that's not all—see next weeks



DUMMY OWLS glare from their shelves in the garage factory of Jimmie Soales's and Joe Swisher's Star-

ling Pest Control Co., which makes and sells the owls for \$15 apiece. Each is equipped with luminous eyes which

glow in the dark to frighten the starlings and with wool and rayon feathers to fool them. For very bold starlings



which try to dart behind the fake owls, Soules and Swisher have painted an identical face on the back of each owl.



STARLINGS FLY HIGH INTO SPRINGFIELD'S CAPITOL DOME TO AVOID OWL SET UP IN A TREE (FOREGROUND)

OWLS SCARE STARLINGS

Phosphorescent fakes frighten the black-feathered pests from Illinois capitol

The starling came to the U.S. from Europe hardly more than a half century ago but in its short stay here has become an utter ornithological nuisance. A noisy black bird, it settled in cities, crowding and dirtying the facades of public buildings. City sanitation departments have tried chasing them by clanging bells or trapping them with molasses paste. But the starling has persisted.

In Springfield, Ill. thousands of starlings took to roosting in crannies of the capitol and nothing could make them go away. But last month, returning by habit to roost, the starlings were greeted by dozens of glaring owls, sitting in trees and around the building. Although the owls were fake the starlings, which are terribly frightened of owls, skirted away and flew high up in the dome to avoid them. Each day the men who put the owls there—a couple of professional starling scarers named Soules and Swisher—moved their fake birds up higher on the dome until finally the starlings deserted the capitol and scattered to less desirable roosts in the city.



OWL IS INSTALLED on the sill of a window high in capitol, a protected spot where starlings like to cluster.

LITTLE LULU



"Hm-m, Kleenex is softer!"

Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

© International Cellulose Products Co.

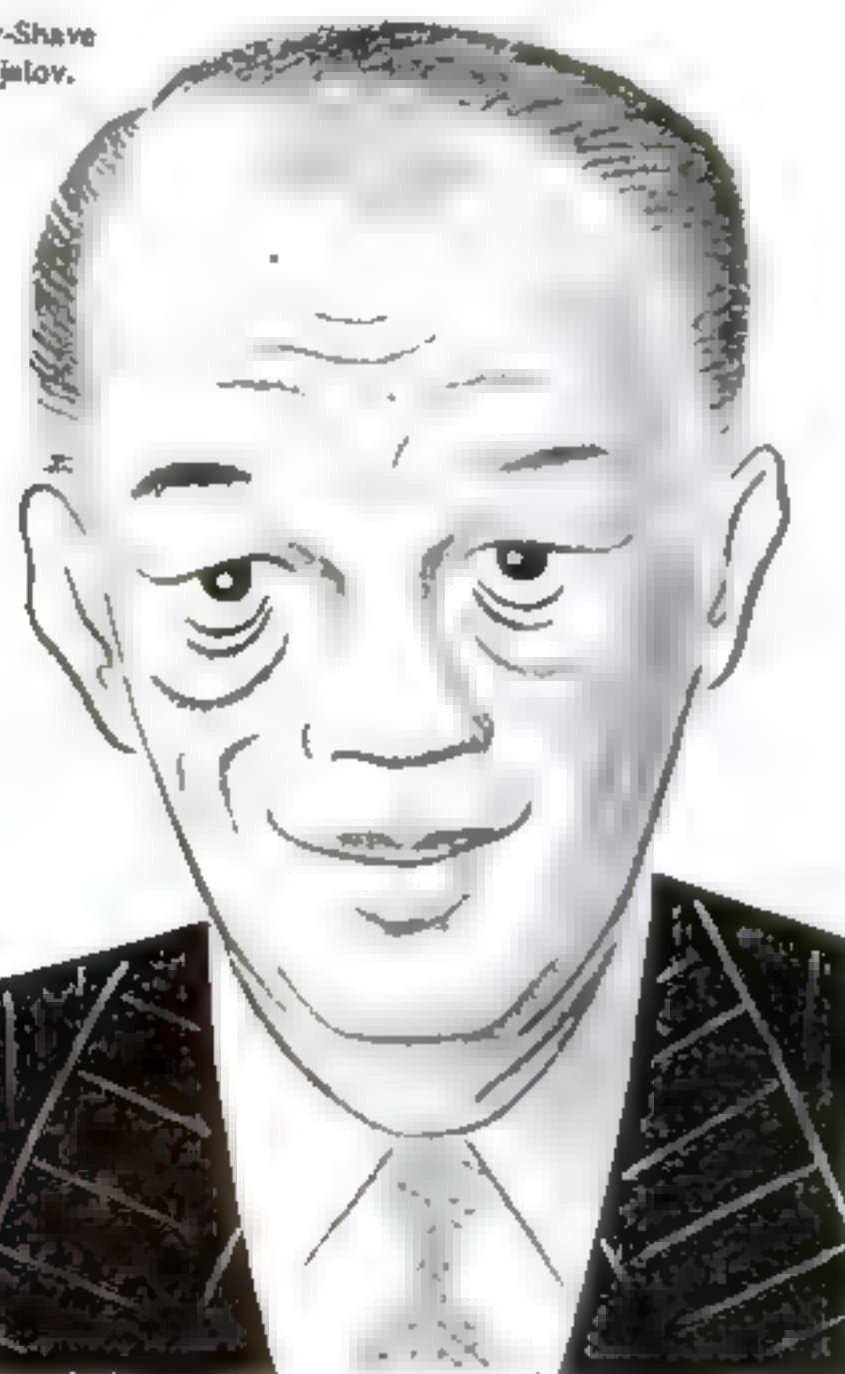
*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Ely Culbertson, distinguished member of the After-Shave Club, as sketched by fellow-member Constantin Alajalov.

ELY CULBERTSON

*Invites
you to join*

ONE OF THE WORLD'S
FOREMOST CLUBS



It's a good "deal" Mr. Culbertson offers in inviting you to join him in the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club. Cool, refreshing Aqua Velva somehow brightens the early-morning disposition... "wakes up" the skin to a healthier glow, gives it a fresh, clean scent. It's good before and after electric shaving, too. Pick up a bottle of Aqua Velva—and become a member—today.

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

Denis Conan Doyle Francis Grover Cleveland
Brock Pemberton Louis Bromfield James Thurber

Owls Scare Starlings CONTINUED



ESCAPING BIRD DROPPINGS, office workers cover heads as a matter of course with umbrellas and with newspapers as they leave the Springfield capitol building. Last year 11 tons of droppings were cleaned off the capitol roof.



STUFFED OWL borrowed from Soules's taxidermist wife was tried in original experiment to control starlings by Soules (left) and Swisher (right). Tests showed that two-faced metal birds were more desirable and more frightening.



OWL FACTORY in Soules's family garage in Decatur, Ill. has produced some 3,000 aluminum owls. In six cities owls have already cleaned large areas of starlings. In Decatur the owls have almost completely chased the starlings away.



"AFTER A DAY IN THE SNOW," by John Cannam. Number 11 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

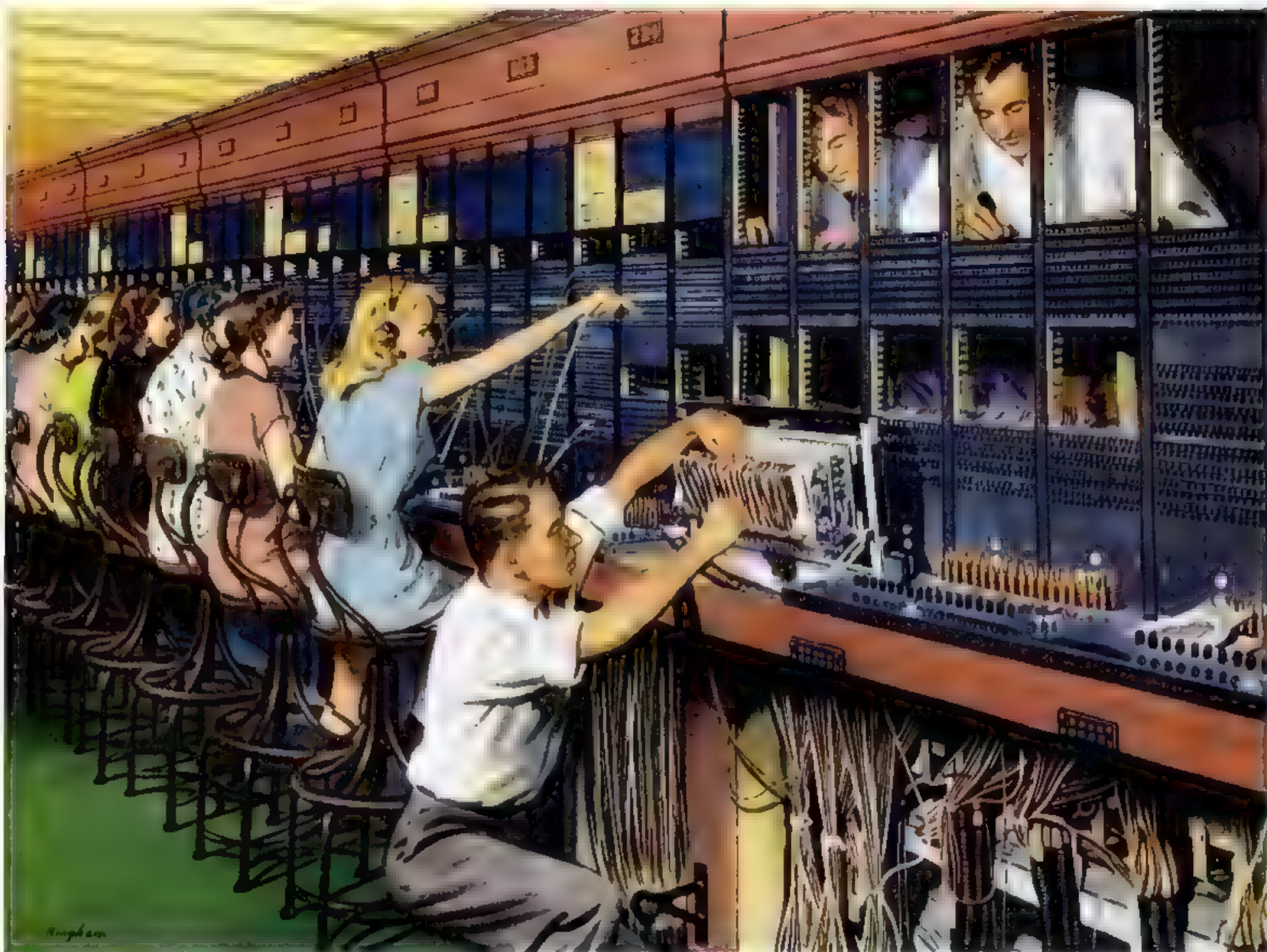
In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too, belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.



AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION





More telephone service coming for you ... through close-knit teamwork by these two >

Here's a close-up of Bell Telephone teamwork that is going on every day to bring you better-than-ever service.

Working right beside telephone company operators are Western Electric installers — enlarging switchboards in hundreds of central offices to meet the record demand for telephone service.

As supply member of the Bell Telephone team, Western Electric builds these complex switchboards — "custom

tailored" to the particular needs of each exchange—and does the intricate on-the-spot wiring and connecting that readies the boards to serve you.

In making telephone equipment, buying supplies, distributing both to Bell Telephone companies, and installing switchboards, close-knit teamwork between Western Electric and its teammates assures utmost efficiency and economy.



Western Electric has always been an integral part of your Bell Telephone service—helping to make it the world's best at the lowest possible cost.

MANUFACTURER...

of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.



PURCHASER...

of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.



DISTRIBUTOR...

of telephone apparatus and supplies.



INSTALLER...

of telephone central office equipment.



A UNIT OF THE BELL  SYSTEM SINCE 1882



ALBERT EINSTEIN, THE INSTITUTE'S MOST FAMOUS MEMBER, GIVES HIS FIRST LECTURE IN ITS ONLY CLASSROOM

THE THINKERS

The Institute for Advanced Study is their haven

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

There have always been men who have wanted to get away somewhere and think. In a practical world they have found few places where they could go and, without worry, do nothing but think. But the atomic bomb, a devastating projection of this century's most abstruse thinking, demonstrated to the whole world the practical application of pure reason. The thinker has come into his own and the red brick building at right has become recognized as one of the most important places on the earth.

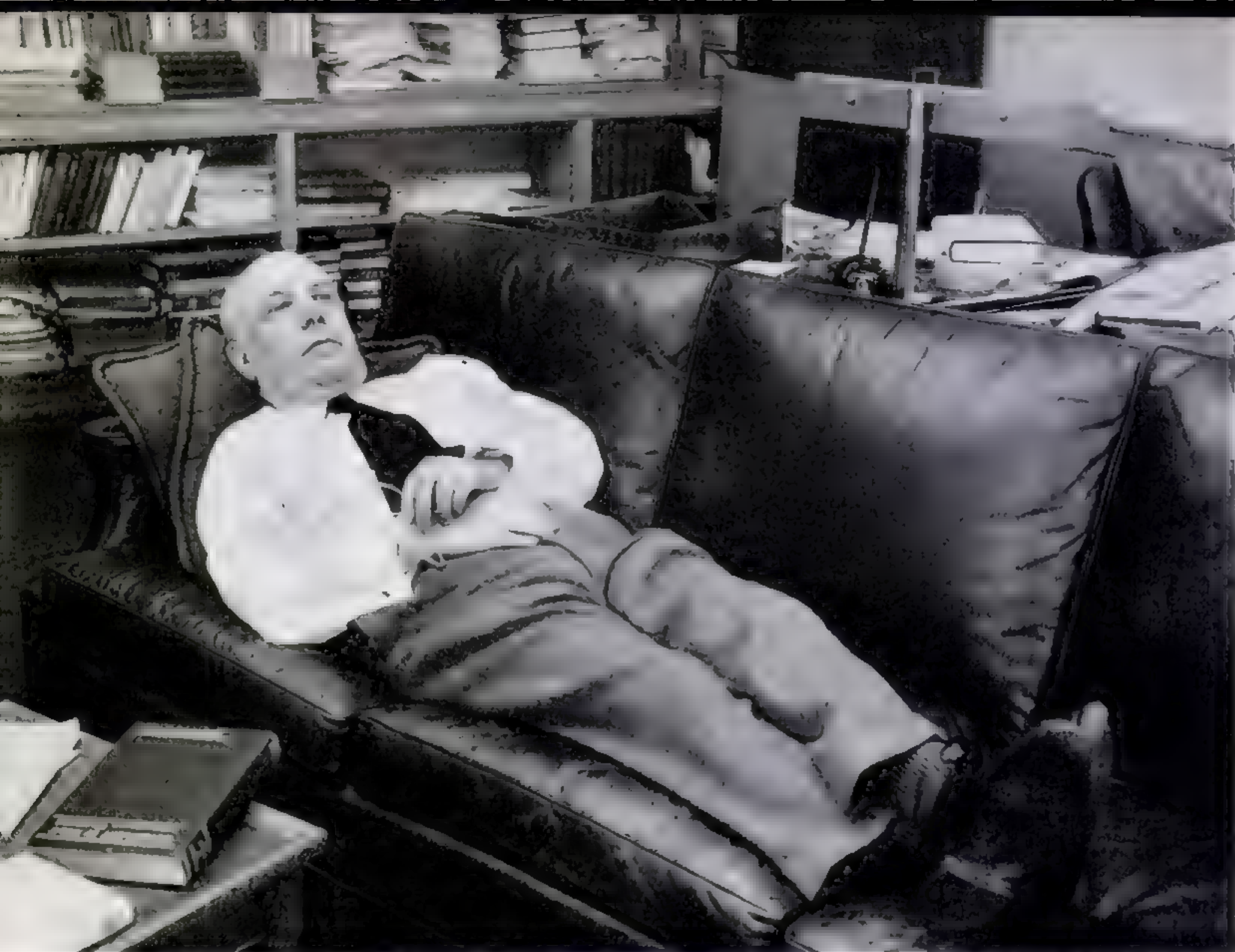
This building is in Princeton, N.J. and houses the Institute for Advanced Study, a place designed for thinkers who have no concern for immediate practical results. Here one of the most imposing collections of minds ever gathered in one place lives and works together—100 men and women from 12 countries who study everything from Greek artifacts to the rotation of electrons to the probability of a depression. This fall the Institute got a new director, J. Robert Oppenheimer, who directed the Los Alamos project which built the first atomic bomb.

The Institute (which has no connection with Princeton University) was founded in 1930 by Louis Bamberger, owner of the Newark, N.J. department store, and his sister, Mrs. Felix Fuld. It now has an endowment of \$21 million, practically none of which has to be spent in operating a

plant. The Institute has no laboratories, no apparatus. What the people at the Institute need is simply a place to sit—or lie—down, a desk, perhaps a blackboard for calculations. They also need the company of other thinkers and freedom from financial worry, both of which the Institute provides. There are no classes and few lectures. The lecture which Albert Einstein is shown delivering above was the first he has ever given in his 14 years as a member. Einstein himself works in an unpainted cubicle, having retreated to it from a large adjoining office. This big office, where Einstein's assistant sits, is lined with bookshelves. The only thing on the shelves—it was left there by the previous occupant, Nobel Prize-winning Physicist Niels Bohr—is a half-empty can of tobacco.



FULD HALL is the Institute's main building. In it are offices, library, cafeteria and common room.



ECONOMIST Walter W. Stewart stretches out on his office couch to think. He is investigating patterns of inflation and depression that followed the Civil War and World War I which will help him analyze the nature of U.S. financial and economic readjustment after World War

II. Professor Stewart, chairman of the Board of the Rockefeller Foundation and the General Education Board, was economic adviser to Bank of England during the war, later was consultant to Treasury Secretary Morgenthau. For Foundation Institute members are free to take on advisory jobs for the society.



ECONOMIST Winfield Rieller is working on monetary stability problem. He is an economic consultant for the Marshall Plan and U.S. member of a U.N. subcommittee on economics. During the war he was assistant to Ambassador Winant, a minister in charge of economic warfare.



HUMANIST Dr. Frank Aydelotte is the Institute's executive. He came to the Institute from the presidency of Swarthmore College in 1939, retired this fall when Oppenheimer took over. Aydelotte's field is Elizabethan literature. Like most retired Institute members, he stays on to work.



ARCHAEOLOGIST Dr. Homer A. Thompson sorts pictures of the thousands of ancient Greek artifacts which he helped unearth at the Agora in Athens. The Agora was city's original public square, which contained the library, archives, council house and concert

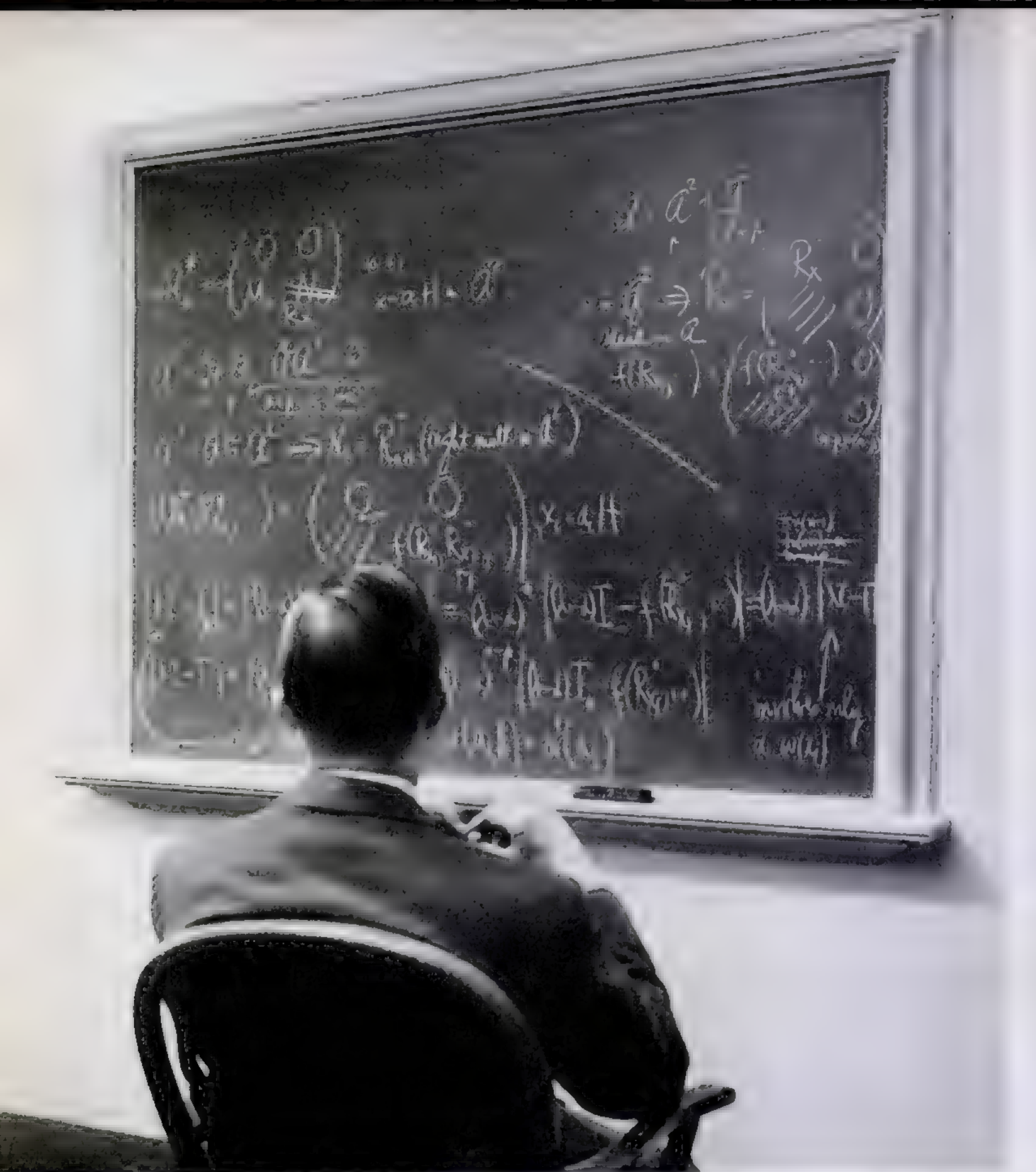
hall. Dr. Thompson began work there 17 years ago, when the excavations were started, and is still busy cataloguing the enormous number of potteries, coins and sculptures that were dug up. Last week he received still another shipment of coins and photographs. In a few more years he will be ready to publish his findings.



PALEOGRAPHER Elias A. Lowe is compiling a 10-volume work called *Codices Latini Antiquiores*, which will contain all medieval literature, writings and manuscripts existing before 800 A.D. He uses photostatic copies of ancient writings and makes notes in Latin.



EPIGRAPHER Benjamin Merritt uses a magnifying glass to read one of his 25,000 "squeezes" - paper impressions of indistinct writings found on stones in Greece. Paleographers decipher all ancient writings, but epigraphers specialize in writings on buildings or monuments.

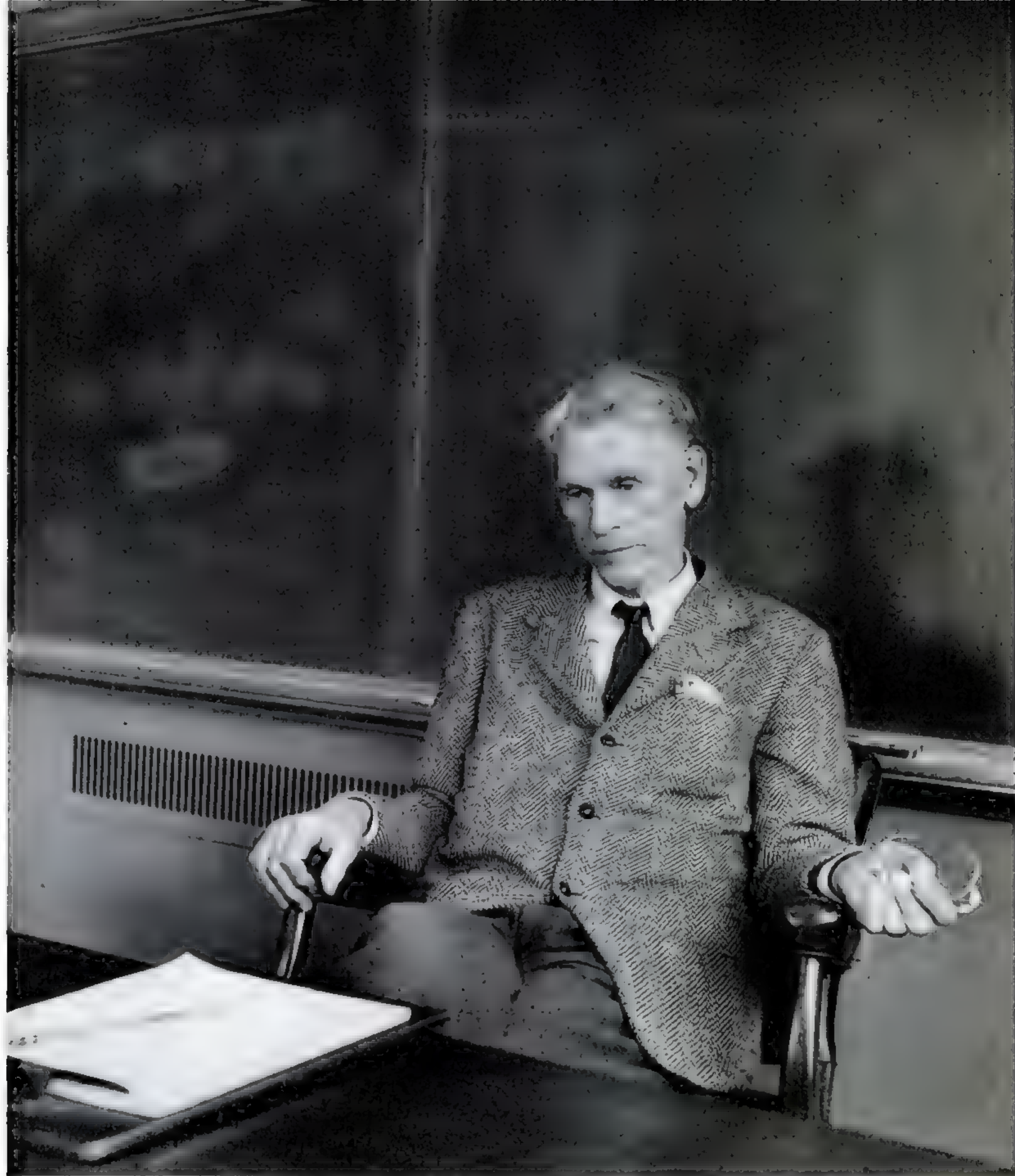


PLAYING WITH A PIECE OF CHALK TO HELP HIS THINKING, RICHARD SCHAFER CONSIDERS HIS COMPLICATED GENETIC ALGEBRAS

AT WORK

Their main tools are their minds

In most fields of learning, thinkers have tools they can use. Humanists can refer to ancient writings, economists and political scientists can use statistics and charts. But thinkers in the field of higher mathematics and theoretical physics have to work out hypotheses with abstract symbols. Their tools are knowledge, imagination and reason. Both the men shown on these pages are members of the Institute's School of Mathematics, which has the best collection of mathematicians and one of the best collections



COMPLETELY RELAXED, OSWALD VEBLEN SITS WITH HIS BACK TO A BLANK BLACKBOARD AND CONTEMPLATES BLANK SCRATCH PAD

of physicists in the world. Richard Schafer, (*opposite*), 29, is an expert in the field of non-associative algebras, algebraic situations where seemingly duplicate formulas are not equal. These formulas appear in the study of genetics and, using the formula on his blackboard, Schafer is proving that sometimes they are equal after all. With his back to a blackboard (*above*) sits Professor Oswald Veblen, one of the greatest living mathematicians, nephew of the late Thorstein Veblen. His field is differen-

tial geometry, the application of analysis to the study of space, which is the basic mathematics underlying the theory of relativity. He is now working on "spinors," the quantities which describe the rotation of electrons, protons and neutrons. During the war, like many other Institute members, Veblen worked for the armed forces. He helped the Navy develop submarine warfare and worked with the Air Force in England, where he was cited for "vital assistance in developing the accuracy of strategic bombing."



TALKING SHOP at testtime in the common room, Oppenheimer (left) balances a cup on his knee as he listens intently to Dr. Abraham Pais of Holland (right).

Between them is Professor Paul Dirac, who won a Nobel Prize in 1933 when he was only 31. They are discussing their special field, elementary particle physics.

THE NEW DIRECTOR

J. Robert Oppenheimer is the scientist who built first atomic bomb

Up to Aug. 6, 1945 few laymen had ever heard of J. Robert Oppenheimer. In academic circles he was known as a top-notch teacher. Among nuclear physicists he was known for his development of the Oppenheimer-Phillips Reaction (a study of reactions of nuclei bombarded by deuterons), the Oppenheimer-Furry Revision (which revised Dirac's theory of the positive electron) and his work on cosmic rays. But that August morning, when the story of Hiroshima broke in the newspapers, J. Robert Oppenheimer suddenly became one of the most famous living men. He was the man who had built the first atomic bomb. Under his supervision at the Los Alamos atomic project, 3,500 scientists had worked in secret for two years on its design, construction and testing.

Two months later Oppenheimer quit the bomb project. He wanted to get back to teaching and to thinking. But the bomb still kept him busy. He was chief draftsman of the Acheson-Lilienthal report. He stumped the country pleading for international atomic-energy control. Last October, when he took over the directorship of the Institute, he finally found time to think.

J. (for nothing) Robert Oppenheimer was born in New York City 43

years ago, studied at six colleges (Harvard, California Institute of Technology, Göttingen, Cambridge, Leyden and Zurich), taught himself to read eight languages (Spanish, Italian, French, German, Dutch, Greek, Latin and Sanskrit) and, when the war started, was holding down two full physics professorships (at Cal. Tech and the University of California). He was 38 when he was chosen for the Los Alamos job. To many scientists under him, he seemed too indifferent to details to be a good administrator. But then, as one said, "we discovered that by sheer will power, 'Oppy' was dragging the rest of us along." Oppy lost 50 pounds making the bomb.

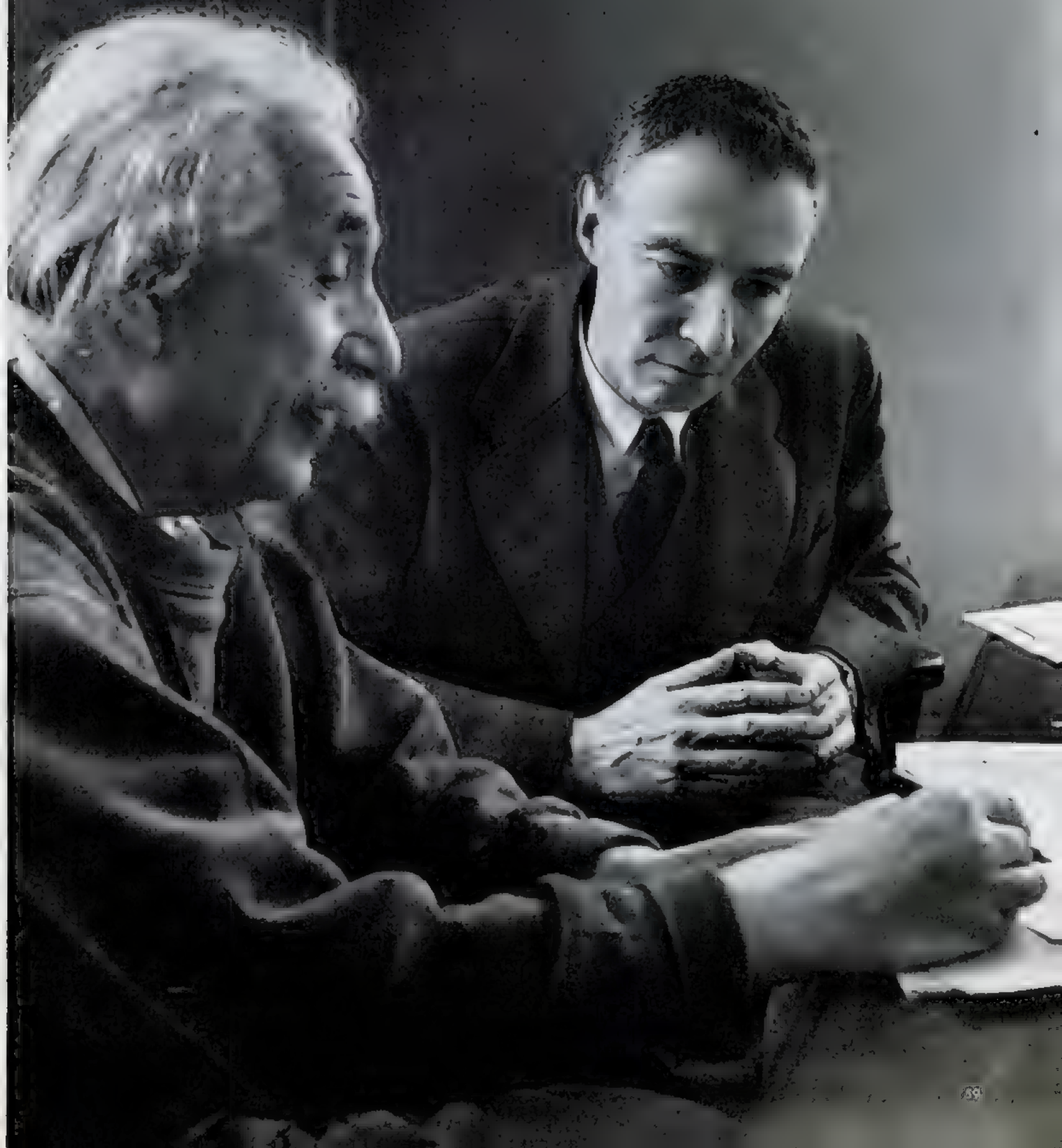
The new director has a sharp, selective mind, and his friends sometimes feel that he wins arguments too quickly. He and his family live in an 18-room, white colonial house near Fuld Hall, and Oppenheimer stops work at about 6:30 every evening to go home and play with his children, Peter, 6, and Katherine, 3. On Sundays he and his wife, who was a biologist, take the children out to hunt four-leaf clovers. Mrs. Oppenheimer, whose thinking is also direct, keeps her children from cluttering the house with four-leaf clovers by making them eat all they find right on the spot.



OPPENHEIMER'S STUDENTS listen as their director, perched on a desk, discusses new developments in the quantum theory of the electron. The Institute

selects promising young scholars like the ones in this group to attend and study with the advice and help of senior members. But they get no salary, no degree.

EINSTEIN TELLS OPPENHEIMER ABOUT HIS NEWEST
ATTEMPTS TO EXPLAIN MATTER IN TERMS OF SPACE



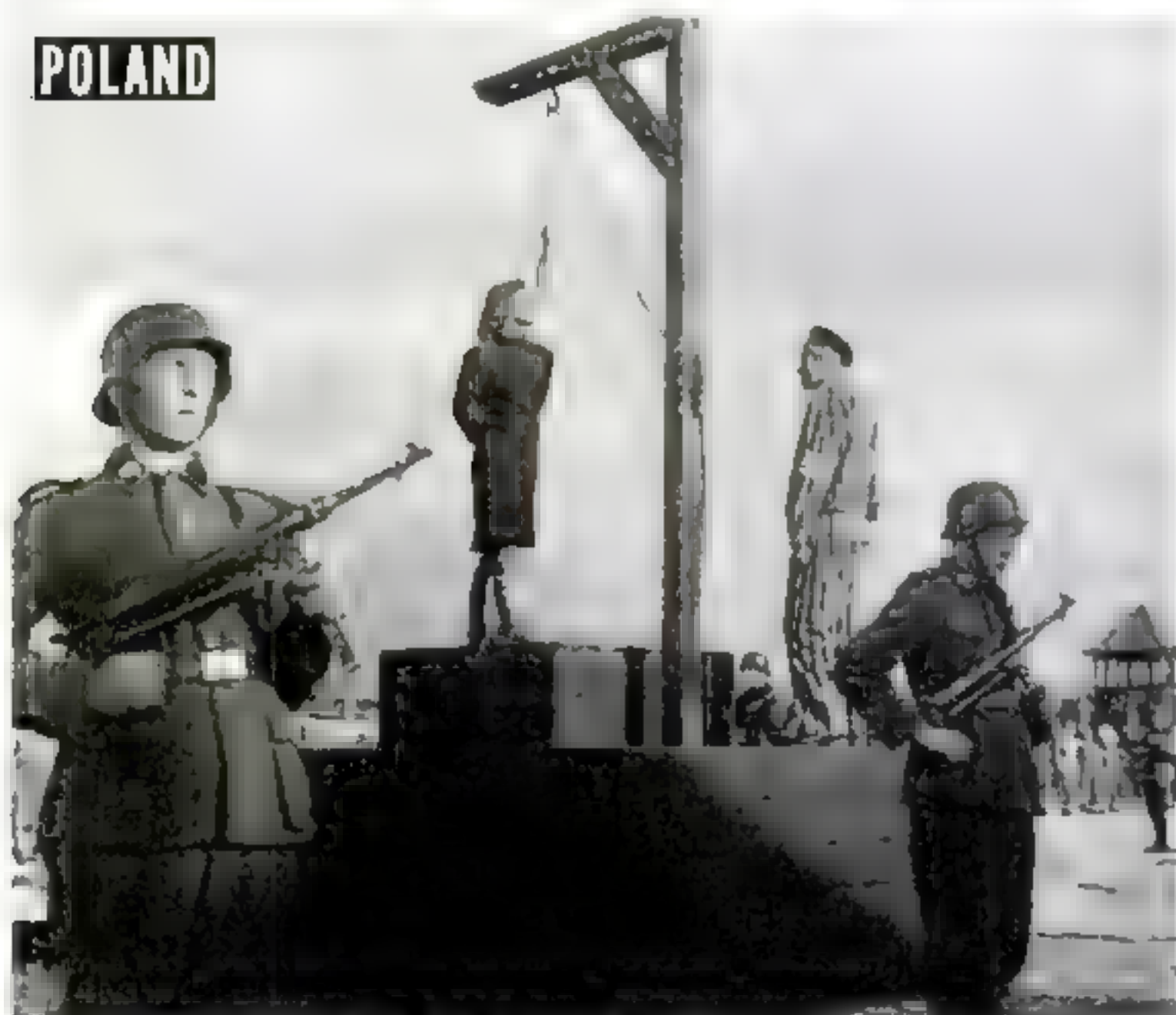
ITALY



TO LIVE IN PEACE is the story of an Italian peasant who hides two Americans from the Germans, and a superlative commentary on the soulless stupidity of war. One of the Americans, a

Negro GI, leaves his hiding place and forms a drunken friendship with a Nazi soldier (*above*), but when the arbitrary hatred of war flares up again the next morning, it brings death to both the German and the kindly peasant.

POLAND



AUSCHWITZ re-creates the infamous German-run Polish concentration camp. Skipping over only the most obscene Nazi tortures, it shows how a pleasant, ordinary girl changes into a political revolutionist under stress of brutal imprisonment and is finally hanged (*above*) shortly before Russian liberating troops arrive.

JAPAN



WAR AND PEACE has nothing to do with the novel by Tolstoy. With little of Japanese drama's customary formalism it follows the career of a soldier who ultimately realizes, in the Tokyo of ruins and black-market restaurants (*above*), that Japan's war was a shameful adventure. He becomes a rural teacher

FOREIGN MOVIES

Many high-quality importations are finding favor among U.S. film fans

Since the invention of the sound track and the barrier of language which it raised, the U.S. has been a poor market for movies from non-English-speaking countries. Regular patrons ran to one of two types: people from the old country who got a kick out of hearing French and Italian in a theater or xenophiles who invariably gurgled with delight over anything foreign.

Recently, however, an unprecedented number of foreign-language films has opened in America, largely because a surplus of them, accumulated during eight years of dislocated business conditions, has become available at a moment when the box office for American pictures has fallen off badly. More unusual is the strong public favor being accorded the importations. Native audiences are discovering that a good movie remains effective even if its dialog has to be read in printed titles to be understood, and that foreign movies—made, as most of them are, by small bands of artistic zealots with more imagination than money—often have a finesse and originality all too frequently missing from Hollywood's mass-produced films.

Current foreign movies have a wide range of subject. The two best ones from France (*opposite*) are costume extravaganzas. Italy's prize offering is a comedy-drama about the war, while entries from Poland and Japan (as yet unreleased in this country) also deal with the war, but in a tragic vein. None of these pictures, unfortunately, is likely to be seen in America outside the big cities. In addition moviegoers should remember that not all foreign movies are as good as these; imported epics can be dreadful beyond belief and frequently are. But in a year when Hollywood has put out unusually few first-class pictures, those who shop around for their entertainment are likely to find that many of the screen's current treats are dramatized in a foreign tongue.

FRANCE



VOLPONE was filmed in 1939 with prewar opulence. A truly international creation, it was made in France from the modernized version by Stefan Zweig (an Austrian) of a 350-year-old comedy by Ben Jonson (an Englishman). The main character is a crafty, sybaritic merchant of Renaissance Venice who manages to cheat his money-

grubbing friends out of fortune, women and honor but ends up by being completely swindled himself by his clever servant. Superbly acted by the late Harry Baer (seen above presiding over an ill-attended dinner party), *Volpone* is a richly humorous movie that pokes savage and derisive fun at hypocrisy, avarice and humanity in general.

INDIA



SAKUNTALĀ is a cinematic curiosity retelling an old legend of the founding of India. The story—revolving about a prince, a girl and their child—was adapted from a Sanskrit play probably written in the Third Century A.D. It has Hindustani dialog and a touch of *William Tell* (above). The film ran 104 weeks in Bombay.

FRANCE



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST is famed Theatricalian Jean Cocteau's elaboration of the old fairy tale. His Beast is a thorough gentleman and the movie is beautiful to look at, although rather drawn out. Disembodied arms (above) and other odd props provide an agreeably supernatural atmosphere.

OFFICIAL STANDING ALL STAR TOURNAMENT

NO.	NAME	GAMES	WON	LOST	PINS	POINTS	EX PL
1	A. VARIPAPA	64	40½	23½	13448	309-23	
2	J. WILMAN	64	40½	23½	13431	309-06	
3	S. SLOMENSKI	64	38	26	13123	301-23	o
4	S. NAGY	64	32	32	13250	297-00	
5	B. BOMAR	64	31	33	13188	295-38	o
6	W. WARD	64	34	30	12842	290-42	
7	T. SPARANDO	64	32	32	12887	290-37	o
8	C. JOHNSON	64	33½	30½	12820	289-45	
9	E. BOTTEN	64	35	29	12724	289-24	
10	C. O'DONNELL	64	34	30	12544	284-44	
11	B. KENET	64	33	31	12584	284-34	
12	L. ROLICK	64	29	35	12746	283-46	
13	W. JOHNSON	64	25	39	12560	277-10	o
14	F. HAYNES	64	26½	34½	12377	277-02	
15	D. COMINS	64	27	37	12434	275-34	
16	F. CLAUSE	64	18	46	1222	262-22	
17	J. ZACK	ALTERNATE					



THE CHAMPION, Andy Varipapa, beams and points to final standings in the national match-game bowling tournament. In 64-game round-robin final, one point was awarded

for each game won and one point for each 50 pins knocked down. Varipapa and Joe Wilman (No. 2) each won same number of games, but Varipapa knocked down more pins

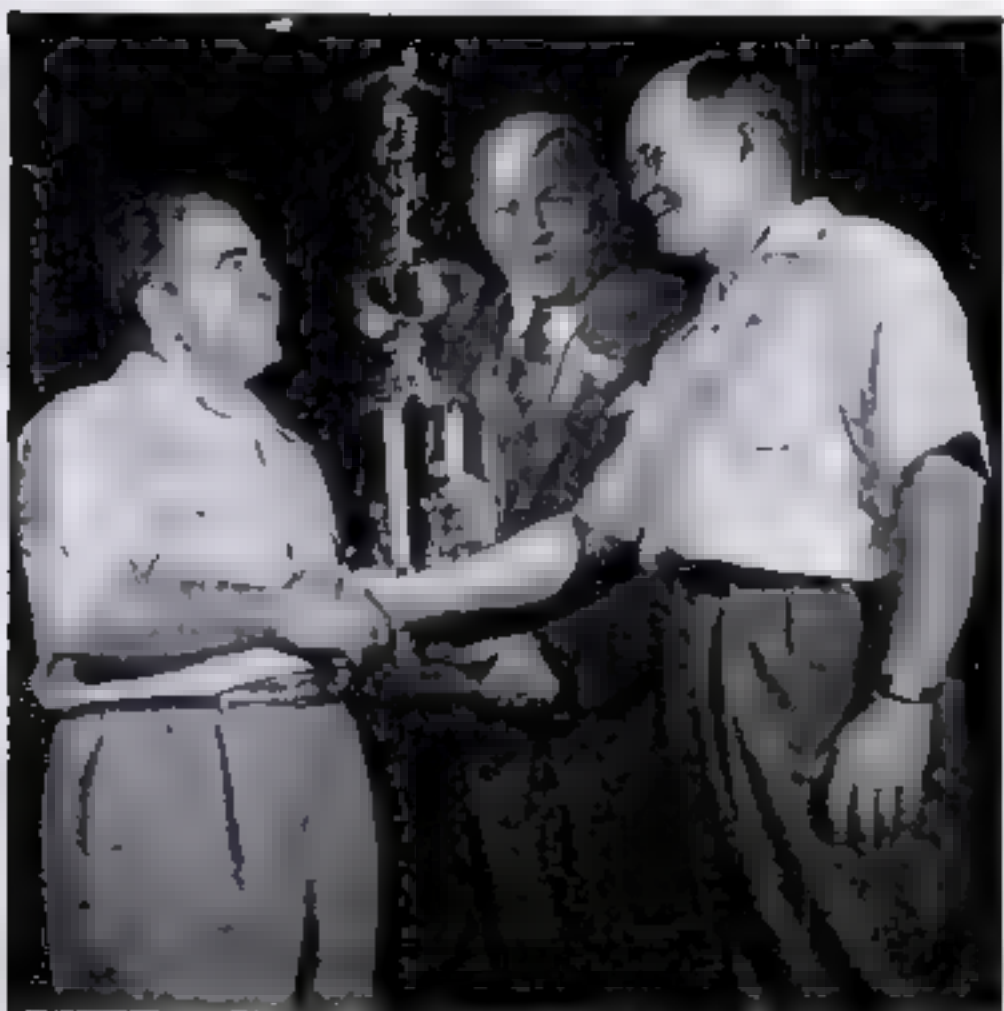


AFTER A STRIKE ANDY VARIPAPA CLICKS HIS HEELS

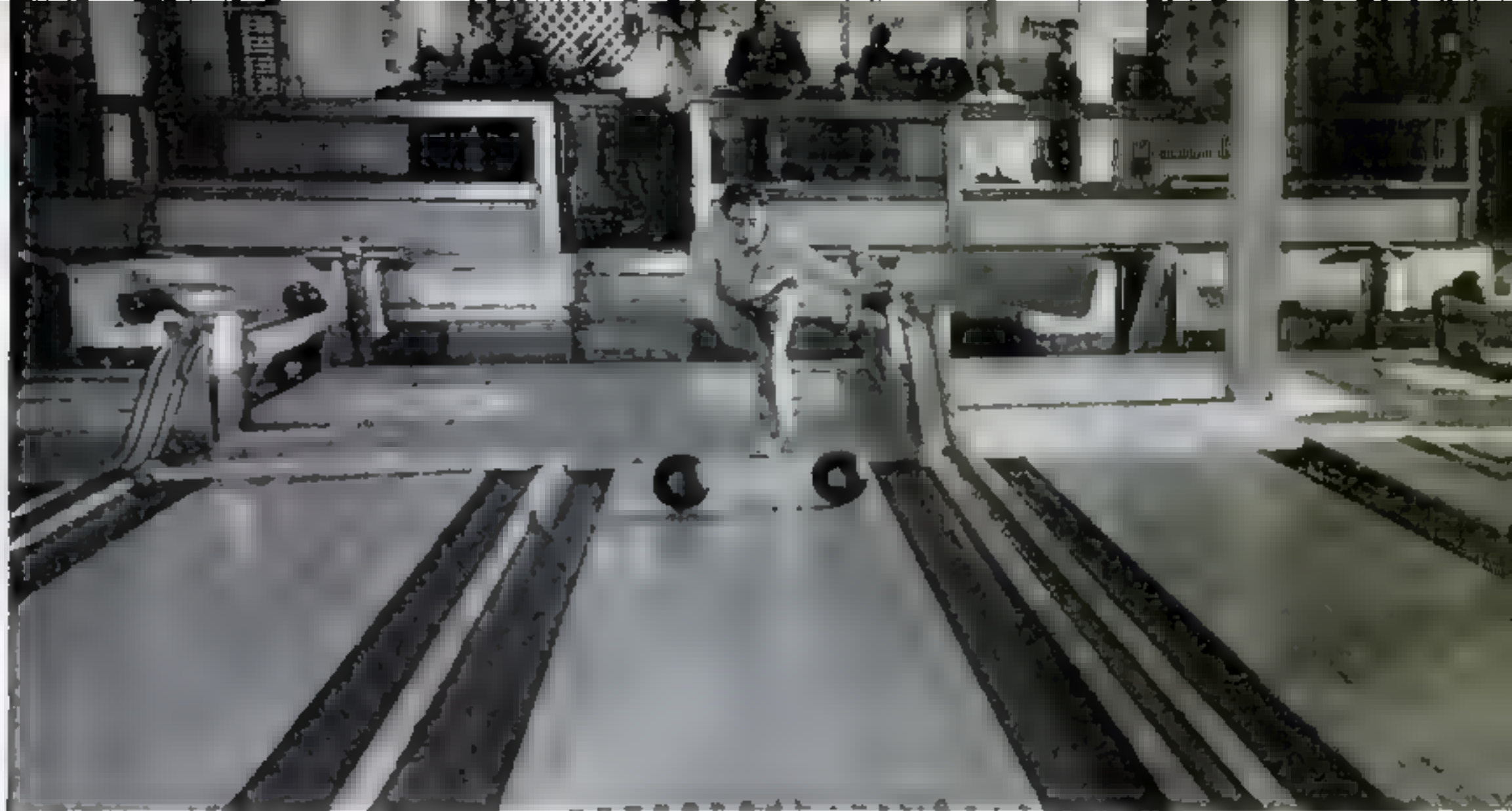
“ANDY THE GREAT” PROVES THAT HE IS

He retains national bowling title

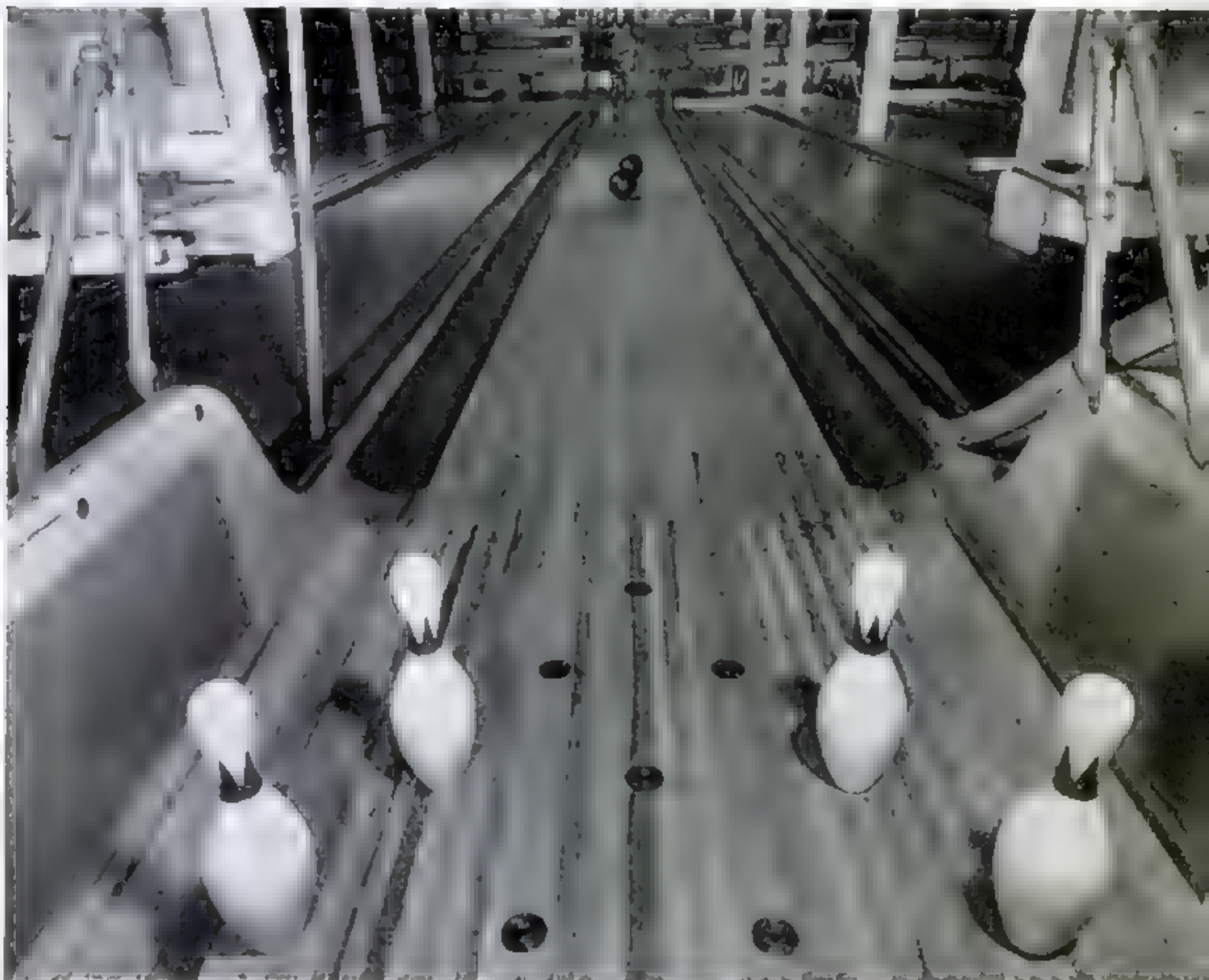
Andy Varipapa, a strutting, barrel-chested Italian from Hempstead, N. Y., makes a good living by performing fantastic feats with a bowling ball. He is nationally known for his trick-shot exhibitions (*right*), and he immodestly calls himself “duh one and only.” But when bowling contests come along, other participants have been inclined to consider him a freak. Even when Varipapa first won the U. S. match-game championship a year ago, the experts were amused at his braggadocio and at his antic of jumping into the air and clicking his heels. But a fortnight ago in Chicago, Varipapa proved he could be serious too. Far behind with two games to roll, he stopped clowning and thundered in with scores of 257 and 236, won by 17 pins. Andy thereby successfully defended his championship, something no bowler had ever done under the complicated scoring system now used (*opposite*). He also convinced nearly everybody that Varipapa was the greatest bowler in the world, which was something Varipapa knew all the time.



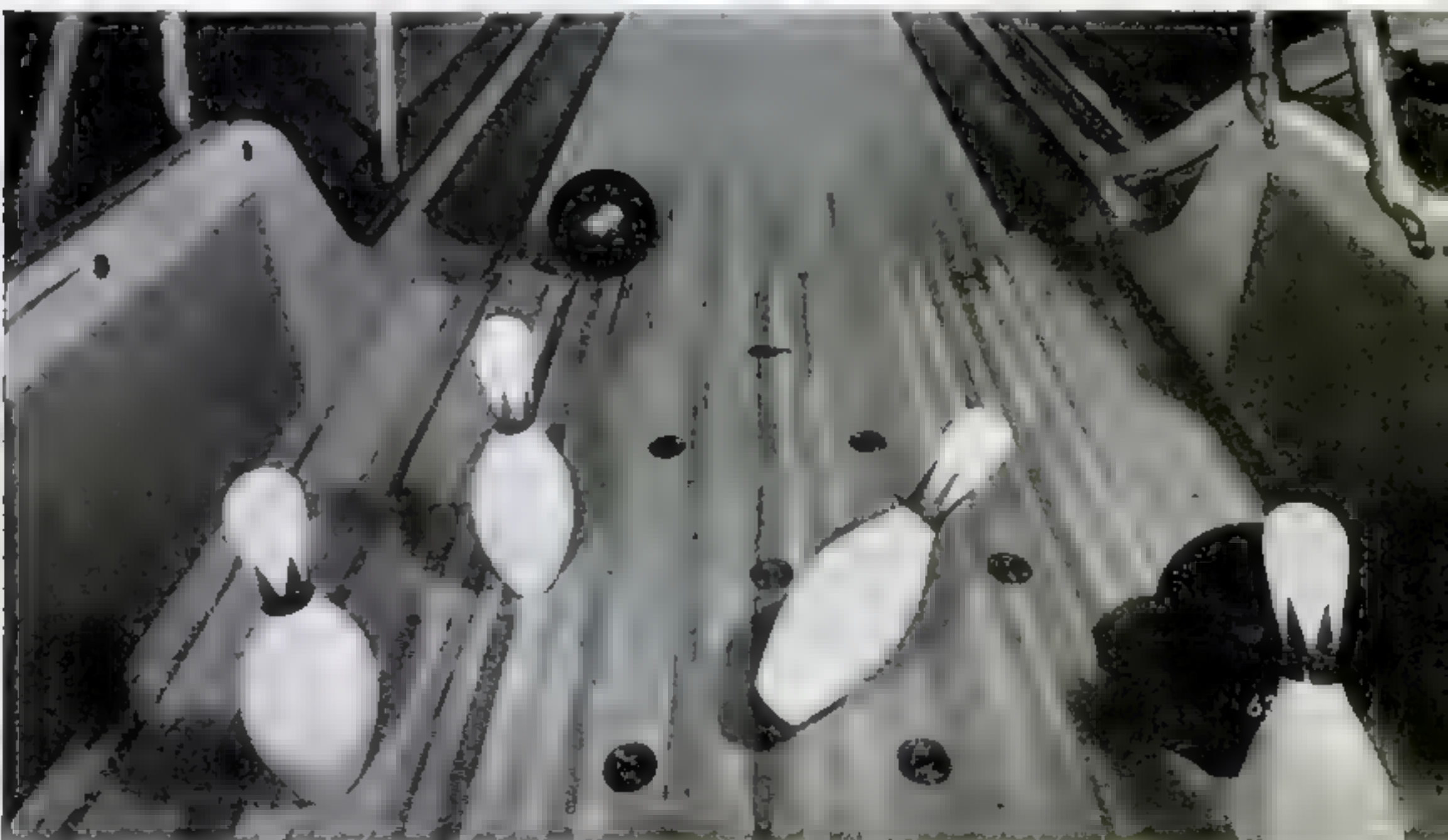
THE RUNNER-UP, Joe Wilman (*right*), congratulates Varipapa, who will make \$25,000 in prizes, endorsements.



FAVORITE TRICK SHOT, in which Varipapa rolls two balls down alley at once (*above*), is used to knock down two separated pairs of pins. Bowlers call this “double pinochle.” He gets \$150 for a one-night exhibition.



THE BALLS CROSS (*above*) halfway down the alley. Below: ball rolled by Varipapa's right hand hooks over to knock down two pins, a split second before the ball from his left hand arrives to pick off the remaining two.



THE SADDEST WAR

In Indochina, French troops battle men who are patriots but are led by Communists... A little reason could end it

by WILLIAM C. BULLITT

OF all unhappy conflicts on this earth today, the war in Indochina is the most pathetic. No good can come of it. Only a little reason and a bit of human understanding are required to end it. But along the roads of Cochin China, Annam and Tonkin soldiers of France—many of them Maquisards, veterans of the French fight for freedom against the Germans—step gingerly, expecting every tree or hut to erupt in machine-gun fire; while Annamites—half starved and weakened by malaria, gentle by nature but courageous—fling their homemade grenades and kill every Frenchman they can, with hearts as pure in patriotism as those of the farmers who stood at Lexington and Concord.

They are now the Maquisards. But their struggle is black tragedy. For the leadership of their fight for independence has been captured by Communists. Their government and their army are controlled by the Tongbo, which is a reproduction in miniature of the Moscow Politburo. Not one in a hundred Annamites is a Communist; but all decent Annamites want independence; and just as General de Gaulle was followed by millions of Frenchmen who disagreed with his political views, because he was the symbol of resistance to Hitler, so today Ho Chi Minh, the Communist leader of the Annamite fight for independence, is followed by millions of Annamites who disagree with his political views because he is the symbol of resistance to France. In consequence the Annamites fight and die and kill young Frenchmen, in a war in which victory, under their present leaders, can lead only to a replacement of the yoke of France by the terrible yoke of Stalin.

The situation of the French soldiers in Indochina is scarcely less tragic. There are 115,000 of them. They are badly equipped. Their morale is not helped by the fact that, despite careful screening, ex-Nazis have managed to worm their way into the Foreign Legion (LIFE, Nov. 10). The colonial troops have no faith in victory. They believe that at least 500,000 well-equipped men would be needed to reconquer the 22 million inhabitants of Viet Nam. They know that the French government allows a delegation representing Ho Chi Minh to function in Paris. And they suspect that a shift of political winds in France could cause their government to embrace tomorrow the men they are ordered to kill today. So they suffer through ambush and assassination, itching from mosquito bites and prickly heat, muttering, "*C'est de la sale guerre*," unsure that their deaths will have any meaning. And about 600 of them die each month.

Yet the worst disaster which could befall the French, the Annamites and the civilized world would be for the French, in weariness, to surrender to Ho Chi Minh and his Communist comrades. Whatever promises of good behavior Ho Chi Minh might make would be



AN ANNAMITE WOMAN, face gaunt and hands bony from hunger, clutches her child at doorway to her home. She is the wife of a fisherman who is off fighting the French colonial troops.

Indochina is not a nation but a geographical expression for the little countries of southeastern Asia which were conquered by France in the 19th Century. Its area is one third greater than that of France and it is inhabited by approximately 27 million souls of many races and tribes. Of these the 22 million Annamites, who inhabit Viet Nam, composed of the three "Kys" (provinces) of Tonkin, Annam and Cochin China, are by far the most numerous and advanced in culture. They alone are at war with France. Cambodia and Laos, which compose the western part of Indochina, are taking no part in the struggle of the Annamites, except as occasional avenues for the smuggling of arms from Siam. The war is, therefore, confined to an intermittent front of more than a thousand miles along the China Sea (*maps, p. 68*).

In this area Mr. Bullitt, former U.S. Ambassador to France and Russia, spent a month on his way back to the U.S. from his tour of China (*LIFE, Oct. 13*). To gather his information for this article he traveled 1,000 miles, talked with nationalist leaders, Communist leaders, French officials, officers and troops. He visited the shifting jungle battlefield and ran into some of his former comrades from his World War II service with the French army in Europe. Last week Mr. Bullitt was in Washington where he had been asked by the Senate Appropriations Committee to testify on aid for China.

broken as soon as he should receive orders from Moscow to break them. The French who live in Viet Nam would eventually be massacred, and the Annamites would be subjected to the tyranny of Moscow. Moreover, since Viet Nam is the extension of South China, Communist control of Viet Nam would add another finger to the hand that Stalin is closing around China. Few Americans have forgotten that when Japan established control of the Viet Nam railroad from Hanoi to Kunming in China, we had to build the Burma Road and fly supplies "over the Hump" to help the Chinese against the Japanese invaders. We may need that Viet Nam railroad again to help China to resist another invader—the Soviet Union. If so, we shall require the friendship of both the French and the Annamites. A Communist government in control of Viet Nam would, therefore, not only be a disaster for the French and the Annamites but also a potential catastrophe for the Chinese and ourselves.

What then should be done? Before attempting to answer that question let us examine a few facts.

After the Japanese surrender, the Annamites, on Sept. 2, 1945, set up an independent republic which they called the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam. This act had the enthusiastic support of all Annamites. The Japanese had ended French rule in Viet Nam, and no Annamite wanted it restored. The political organization which founded the republic was the Viet Nam Doc-lap Dong Minh—Viet Nam League for National Independence—commonly called the Viet Minh. Its members were patriots of all classes, and at the outset not one out of a thousand of its adherents was a Communist. But Communist leaders, trained for the most part in Moscow, were the only Annamites who had a well-knit political underground and knew how to organize a large-scale revolutionary movement; and the millions of Annamite patriots were soon surprised to discover that somehow every post of command in the Viet Minh had fallen into the hands of a Communist. Nevertheless, because the Viet Minh represented resistance to French domination of Viet Nam, they remained members of the Viet Minh.

To hold the loyalty of the non-Communists in the Viet Minh while controlling them completely was the task of Ho Chi Minh, the Communist leader. Highly intelligent, completely selfless and endowed with great personal charm, Ho Chi Minh has fought all his life for Viet Nam independence. As a young man he was a Socialist and in France became a friend and associate of Léon Blum and other French Socialist leaders. But after the French Socialist party split in 1921 into Communist and Socialist wings, he became a Communist, made his pilgrimage to Moscow and since then has taken his orders from the Kremlin. No other living Annamite has



FRENCH TROOPS have to do most of their fighting in the sweating jungles and rice paddies of Indochina. Losses by the French in the guerrilla warfare are estimated at about 600 men a month.



A PRISONER, securely trussed, is interrogated by a French Foreign Legionnaire. The prisoner, a Vietnamese partisan, was captured after fighting recommenced in October at end of rainy season.



RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES are of great importance to Buddhist and Confucian Indochinese. Famine caused by fighting does not preclude offering best cattle from herds to appease the gods.

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SADDEST WAR CONTINUED

such personal prestige as he. Most Annamites regard him as the father of his country. And those who are not Communists but still adhere to the Viet Minh try to explain that although he may be a Communist in form he is much too kind a person to be one in reality, and that the cruelties of the Viet Minh are not to be attributed to him but to his chief lieutenant, Giap.

Nevertheless, Ho Chi Minh is a Communist who takes his orders from Moscow. He has pushed Communist propaganda so successfully in the resistance army of the Viet Minh that, although it probably contains not more than 2,000 full-fledged Communists who consciously take their orders from Moscow and observe full party discipline, about 25,000 of the 75,000 troops of the Viet Minh have become to a greater or less degree Communist sympathizers. The 50,000 non-Communist nationalists in the Viet Minh army are watched and controlled by Communist political commissars. They still are filled with a passionate determination to drive the French out, but they are beginning to realize that the ultimate loyalty of their leaders is not to Viet Nam but to Moscow.



HO CHI MINH is Communist who leads Viet Nam revolt against French.

The nationalist political leaders who want neither French nor Communist control of their country are in desperate plight. If they go into territory held by Ho Chi Minh's forces, they are killed at once. If they are in French-held territory and try to build up serious nationalist political organizations, they are arrested, jailed briefly, released and, if they continue their activities, re-arrested. One of the ablest of them, Nguyen Van Sam, was recently murdered in Saigon—by whom no one knows. Up to the present time the French have permitted to function

freely only those Annamite politicians whom they think they can control. Indeed, when the French forces first reached Tonkin they helped Ho Chi Minh to destroy utterly a force of about 13,000 anti-Communist nationalists in that area—acting as if they were more hostile to the Annamite nationalists than to the Communists.

But it is obvious today to all French soldiers in Viet Nam, from generals to privates, that Ho Chi Minh's forces cannot be wiped out unless large forces of Annamite nationalist guerrillas will join the French to conquer the Communists. France has neither the economic nor the financial strength to put in Viet Nam an army sufficiently large and well-equipped to win the war without Annamite nationalist assistance. The French government is obliged to spend for its present inadequate, badly equipped army more than four billion francs [\$33,613,446] a month—at a time when it is also obliged to appeal to America for funds to keep France alive. It cannot increase its expenditures in Viet Nam. Moreover, the only way to defeat well-organized guerrillas is by the organization of better guerrillas. Annamite guerrillas are as necessary to the French today in Viet Nam as the Macabebe scouts were to the American army in the Philippines when we were hunting Aguinaldo and his guerrillas 47 years ago.

The nub of the problem in Viet Nam is, therefore, the establishment of cooperation between the French and the Annamite nationalists for the elimination of the Communists. That is not impossible because there is no vital conflict between the real interests of the French and those of the Annamites.

The real interests of France in Viet Nam are of three kinds: economic, cultural and religious. Frenchmen have invested more than one billion dollars in Viet Nam banks, railroads, electric plants, coal mines, rice fields, rubber plantations, schools, scientific institutes, missions and churches.

The French naturally want to preserve their profitable investments and to maintain possibilities for future investment.

The cultural field in Viet Nam belongs exclusively to France. All Viet Nam institutions of higher learning are completely controlled by the French. And up to date every possible obstacle has been

placed in the way of a young Annamite who wished to study in any country other than France. French is the only foreign language that is spoken in Viet Nam, and all well-educated Annamites speak it. The French want to preserve their cultural hold on Viet Nam for many reasons, including the fact that thousands of jobs are open to Frenchmen in education, administration and business.

Less worldly motives create the desire of the French to maintain the missions and churches they have established. About two million Annamites are Catholics, and the Church has had a beneficent influence which needs no explanation.

The real interests of the Annamites lie in the ultimate establishment of their independence, both political and economic. They have had a thorough dose of French mercantile colonialism and they want no more of it. For in spite of the noble idealism of many French priests, doctors and scientists and some administrators and planters, the basis of French rule in Viet Nam has been crass commercial exploitation of the most cynical sort. Every card has always

been stacked against the Annamites and in favor of the French. Even today, when the French need Annamite friendship, the cards are being stacked. For example, since 1939 the cost of living in Viet Nam has risen enormously; but by giving Frenchmen the privilege of buying a large portion of the things they need at comparatively low official prices, while refusing to give the same privilege to Annamites, the French have achieved the following result, according to their own official *Bulletin of Economic Information* published by the High Commissariat on Sept. 15, 1947 in Saigon: Rise in the cost of living since the first half of 1939—for the French 15 times, for the Annamite middle class 19 times, for the Annamite working class 23 times.

This is current practice at a moment when the French are not engaged in attempting to make themselves unpopular with the Annamites, under the administration of an honest man of good intentions, High Commissioner Bollaert, who for many years was Herriot's close associate. The simple fact is that the French in Viet Nam have become so used to treating the Annamites as an inferior race, to be exploited for their benefit, that this situation does not even seem peculiar to them.

Yet the Annamites are proud, sensitive human beings, who share with the Chinese not only the way of life inculcated by Confucianism and Buddhism but also great mental gifts. They are avid for education and so extremely intelligent that when they are admitted to French schools in Viet Nam on an equal footing with French children they usually win all the prizes. But schools in Viet Nam are so scarce that not more than 20 out of 100 of them have been taught to read and write—even their own language.

Any method of making money out of the Annamites is good enough for the French—even the sale of opium. The opium is imported by the French authorities and distributed by them to the opium dens which bear a placard reading, "Salon de Désintoxication," which is perhaps the summit of hypocrisy on this indecent earth. For anyone can walk in and have a pipe of opium at any hour of the day or night. The opium smoking is so public that a number of the salons do not even have doors but are at street level with only a small screen to separate them from the passers-by.

Under these circumstances it is not remarkable that the Annamite thinks he can do a better job at running his country than the French. He admits that he has little capital of his own for the rebuilding of his country, since nearly all rich men in Viet Nam are either French or Chinese. He admits that he cannot handle the administrative, economic and financial problems of his country without the aid of foreign specialists. He is even ready to admit that he will need French specialists and that the French will have to be allowed to retain their religious, cultural and business interests.



EMILE BOLLAERT is the current High Commissioner of Indochina.



BURGESS MEREDITH, photographed here in his dressing room, shows how rubbing off make-up can make an actor's face extra-sensitive. No wonder so many stage and screen stars rely on Williams for easy-on-the-face shaving.

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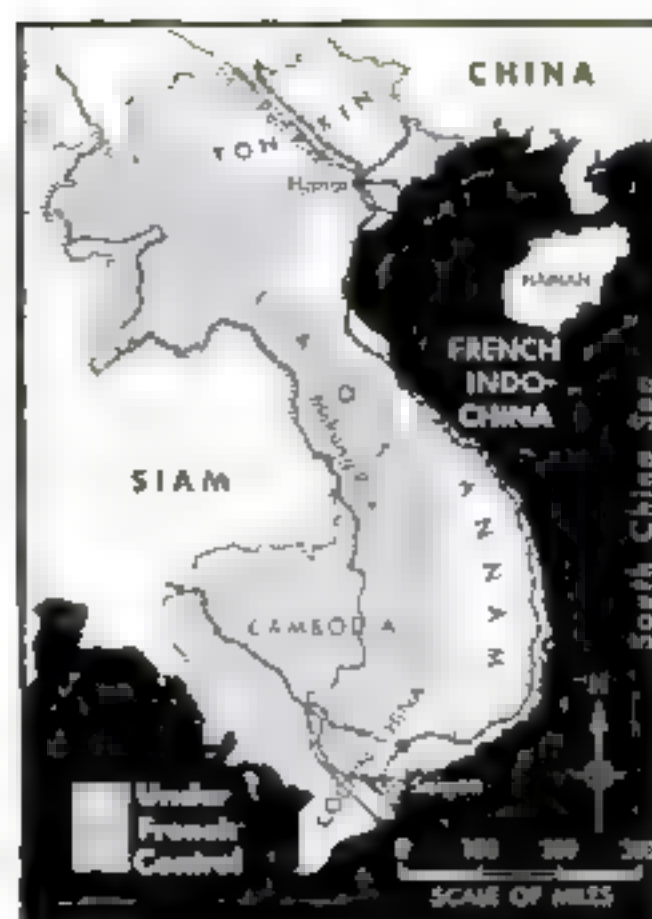
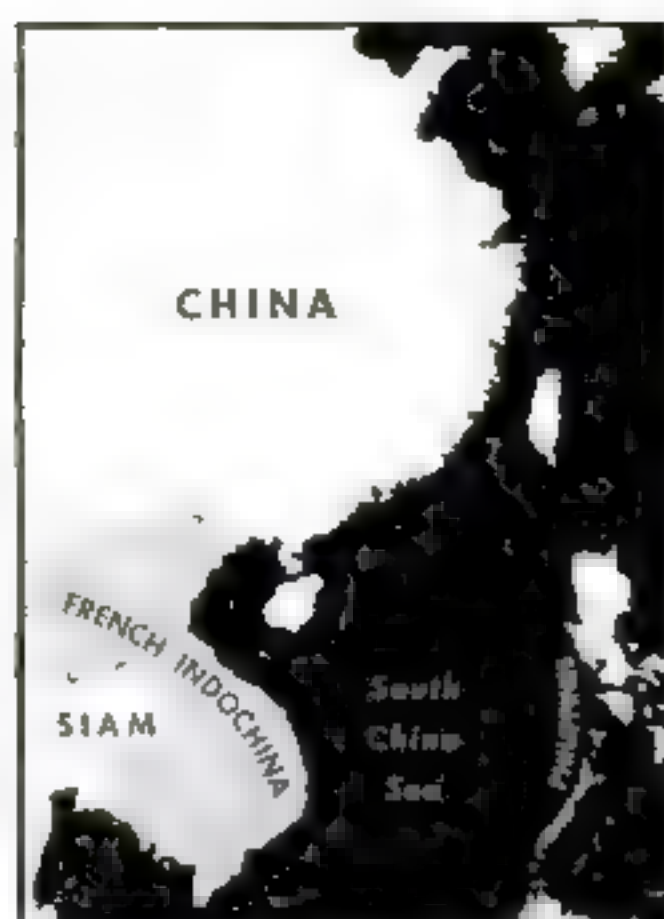
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MY GOODNESS...
SUCH GOODNESS



INDOCHINA is the southeastern corner of the Far East (map left). At its northern and southern ends (map right) lie two of the great rice-producing areas of the world—the alluvial plain of the Red River in Tonkin and the vast-er plain of the Mekong in Cochun China. A narrow strip of fertile plain rising rapidly to mountains connects these great rice baskets. Along this strip runs the vital railroad which has been knocked out in the fighting. Because of this, and because of the loss of rice production in the provinces where the fighting is, many inhabitants, to whom rice is the staff of life, will starve.

SADDEST WAR CONTINUED

But he believes that if he has independence he will somehow muddle through. And his final hope is that at least a few Americans may take some interest in his country and help him with their capital and brains to develop its resources.

What chance does this leave for reconciliation of the Annamite nationalists and the French? Curiously enough, a very good chance. Refractory facts are great educators. And the hard facts of the past two years have drummed into most of the French in Viet Nam the conviction that the Annamites cannot be held by force but only by friendship. Today it is impossible to find any honorable, high-ranking French official, civil or military, in Viet Nam who does not say that France must give to Viet Nam "independence within the French union."

The Viet Nam nationalist political leaders, for their part, have to face the refractory fact that the immediate withdrawal of the French would result in domination of Viet Nam by the only thoroughly organized political group in the country—the Moscow-controlled Communists, who have not only a nationwide underground but also a disciplined, veteran army.

Since there is no conflict between the real interests of France and Viet Nam and since the French and the Annamite nationalists need each other, what prevents their reconciliation? The answer is to be found in Paris. Ignorance of the situation in Viet Nam is almost as great in Paris as in Washington. Most French politicians, consciously or unconsciously, still consider all the countries of the French Empire as closed hunting preserves, to be used economically, financially and militarily by France, and Viet Nam is regarded as a French asset to be exploited, not as a nation of patriots to be freed.

If the French government could bring itself to realize that the days of mercantile colonialism are over, it could still preserve all the real interests of France in Viet Nam and end the war by a series of relatively simple actions:

1. Make to the Annamites a statement similar to that which President Wilson made to the Filipinos through Governor General Harrison in 1913: "Every step we take will be taken with a view to the ultimate independence of the islands and as a preparation for that independence."
2. Send back to Viet Nam the delegation now representing Ho Chi Minh in Paris, stating frankly that while France will accord independence to Viet Nam, it will not hand over Viet Nam to agents of the Soviet Union.
3. Permit the non-Communist nationalists of Viet Nam to prepare complete political, economic and military organizations for control of the country.
4. As soon as these organizations shall have been created, negotiate with the nationalist leaders: (a) the terms of a constitution



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for Viet Nam, including an article—similar to that we persuaded the Filipinos to adopt—providing that there should be no discrimination against French institutions, businesses or individuals in Viet Nam, and (b) a treaty, such as we have with the Philippines, providing for a French naval and military base—perhaps at Camranh Bay.

5. Leave to the Annamite nationalists the task of winning over the nationalist elements which compose two thirds of the forces of Ho Chi Minh, and cooperate with the nationalist forces in crushing the irreconcilable Communists.

The French authorities in Viet Nam, who have to face the facts on the spot, are already feeling their way toward this sort of policy, and if their negotiations with the Annamite nationalist leaders should produce a constructive result—perhaps on the basic principle of "independence within the French union"—there would be no difficulty in raising at once adequate Annamite nationalist forces to defeat Ho Chi Minh. Already in Cochinchina there are large nationalist groups which, in the name of independence, want to take the field against the Communists; and in Tonkin, where Ho Chi Minh's forces have burned towns and villages ruthlessly in front of the advancing French, there are thousands of peasants, many of them Christians, who hate the Communists and are asking for arms to protect the ruins of their villages.

To find a solution which will satisfy the Annamite demand for independence and insure the French in Viet Nam against massacre and spoliation is not beyond the wit of man. Without the use of force, the French can maintain their legitimate economic, cultural and religious interests by the exercise of their brains and the power of their present institutions. They would have to sacrifice some easy jobs, and those of them who enjoy promenading as masters of a supposedly inferior people would have to sacrifice that unclean pleasure. The French got rid of that sort of thing in their own country by their revolution of 1789, and it is time they got over similar behavior in the colonial domain. All decent Frenchmen in Viet Nam have got over it. But Paris is not yet ready to propose even the formula, "independence within the French union."

So the war goes on. The malaria mosquitoes do their bit, the machine guns and the hand grenades do theirs, the young men die. Is it too much to hope that France can find within herself once more something of the spirit that led her once to spread liberty throughout Europe? Is it too much to hope that the love of mankind which alone gives understanding may lift some French statesmen to the comprehension and humanity needed to treat the Annamites as brothers who want the same freedom that all men want?

If it is too much to hope, then the U.S. should perhaps take a hand in the matter. For larger issues are at stake than the privileges of French moneyed interests in Viet Nam, however great may be their influence in Paris. As the immediate neighbor of South China, Viet Nam is vital to the defense of the Far East against the aggressions of Soviet imperialism.

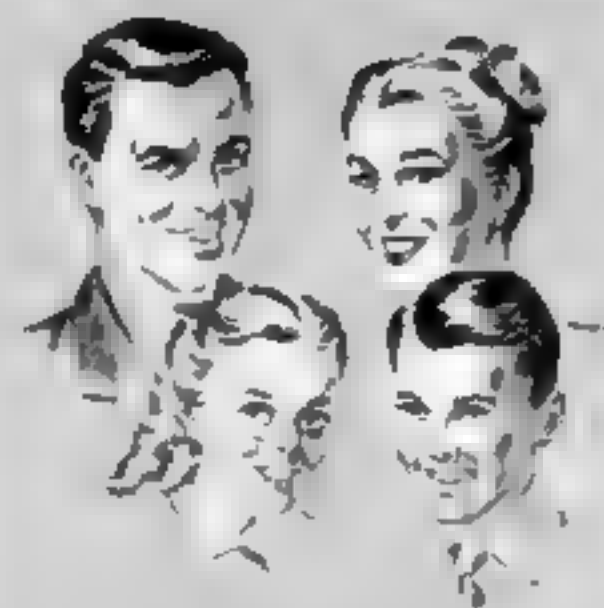
Within the next few months the French and the Annamites may well find their own way to peace. If they cannot, we should be interested in helping them to find the way. This earth today is in far too serious a plight for men of goodwill to look with indifference on unnecessary wars that can lead to no good end.



IN MOSCOW Ho Chi Minh (extreme left, front row) posed chummily with other Communist leaders during the Communist International's 1922 Congress.

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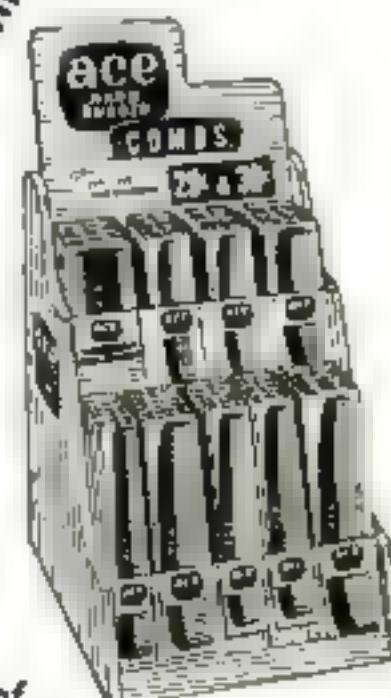
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TWO DUCHESSSES graced the party. The American-born Duchess of Windsor chats with British born Duchess of Westminster, third of the four wives of a high-

living 68-year-old duke, one of England's richest peers.



THE HOSTESS, Mrs. Evander Schley, in light gown, leads Elsa Maxwell into the crowded drawing room of

Life Goes

A wonderful assortment of people

In its fast-changing pattern New York's old-line society seems each year less distinct from the cafe society which has grown up in the world of entertainment and the arts. The party shown on these pages, sprinkled with famous names, is a good example. It was given by Mrs. Evander Schley, wife of a New York financier, in honor of Samuel Goldwyn after



FAMOUS BEARDS flank Mrs. Harrison Williams, the perennial "best-dressed woman." Greeting her is Sculptor Jo Davidson, behind her is Actor Monte Woolley,



TANGLED GREETINGS involve *Town & Country* Editor Burke Carstairs (back to camera). Socialite Mrs. Herbert Weston and Mrs. Schley (right). Ear at center belongs to Elsa Maxwell; the face (at far left) to Prince Serge Obolensky.



COURTLY GREETINGS are bestowed upon Mrs. Williams by Eduardo de Valenzuela. The other



her Park Avenue home. Among the bankers and artists is ubiquitous Serge Obolensky (against door, background).

to a Party

shows up at a New York reception

the opening of his new movie, *The Bishop's Wife*.

From the performance, whose receipts Goldwyn had donated to Mrs. Schley's pet charity, the guests came direct to her home. They chattered animatedly over canapés and champagne, eyed guest Lana Turner appreciatively and departed before the candles in the chandeliers had burned down an inch.



THUMB IN CHEEK Sam Goldwyn peers through the hall-table palms at the first morning reviews of *The Bishop's*

Wife. His movie's U.S. premiere, a few hours before, netted \$7,200 for the Lighthouse, charity for the blind.



ladies in the animated group are sisters, Mrs. Harry Payne Bingham (left) and Mrs. Wolcott Blair.



PRETTY GIRLS absorb Constantin Alajálov, who draws the *New Yorker* covers. The ladies are the hostess' niece, Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander (right), and her sister-in-law, Mrs. William McKnight, the former LeBrun Rhinelander.



MRS. GOLDWYN, former Broadway actress Frances Howard, and Dr. Conrad Berens (center), the inventor of the contact lens, listen to Broker Milton Holden (right).



ROMANCE BUDDER in a quiet corner at Mrs. Schley's party between Lana Turner and Henry J. ("Bob") Topping, heir to a tin-plate fortune. Mr. Topping has been mar-

ried three times, Miss Turner twice. Later columnists breathlessly announced that for Topping, Lana was jettisoning two previous beaux, Tyrone Power and a Yale man.

"It couldn't be!"



- 1. MAN:** Santa Claus doesn't have *wings*! Don't tell me you're one of his *helpers*?
PSYCHE: No—but I spread good cheer, *too*, Sir. I'm Psyche, the White Rock symbol.



- 2. MAN:** Don't wish to be rude, but . . . er . . . you see we're expecting some friends to drop in—
PSYCHE: That's why I'm *here*! Wait till your guests discover what White Rock's mineral tang does for the flavor of drinks—and how much better one feels the next morning, thanks to its alkaline effect!

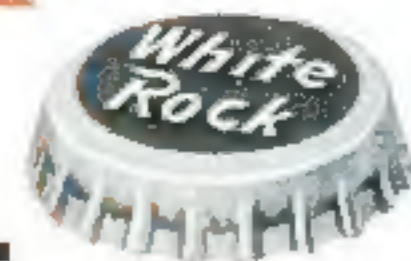


- 3. MAN (Christmas morning):** Mer-ry Christmas, Psyche. The drinks were tops last night—and I feel on top of the world this morning. Wish every day was Christmas!
PSYCHE: Every day *can* find you *feeling* this good—if every time you shop you keep my slogan in mind: Don't say "club soda," say "White Rock."




Look for Psyche,
 symbol of
 America's finest mixer

White Rock
 Sparkling Water



KEEPS YOU SPARKLING, TOO!



"THERE'S ONE THING
I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON
WITH CHESTERFIELDS
... THEY SATISFY"

Gary Cooper

STARRING IN CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
GREAT TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION

"UNCONQUERED"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

ALWAYS BUY

CHESTERFIELD



A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING *ABC*

RIGHT COMBINATION • WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS